

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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A GREAT EVENT NOW TAKING PLACE

See
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Ten

OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE

But Old Enmities
Should

A PRIVATE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

At Euston Station last week an old soldier crippled in the war came in a wheeled chair to see fifty other old soldiers off.

The cripple in the chair was Major Cohen of the British Legion. The soldiers with whom he was shaking hands so cheerily were old enemies and friends.

They were going as guests of the Earl of Harrowby to a gathering of former fighting men from Europe and America. Germans, Frenchmen, Americans, Belgians, Italians, Bulgarians, Poles, Hungarians, Greeks, Czechoslovaks, Yugoslavs, Rumanians, were going to join with Britons in a private League of Nations. For a week they walked and talked, telling the stories old soldiers seldom tell except to one another.

Explosive Rudeness

What tales an outsider might have heard during the week's holiday party if he had been allowed to listen! A few days ago we heard a combatant of the war being questioned about his whereabouts in that four-years nightmare which now seems so long ago. "I was out in France," said the soldier, "and they were so rude to me that I came home." The astonished questioner asked him about the rudeness. "Well," replied the soldier, "I was in a dug-out when a shell came in, and just escaped with my life, the only one of five. But as I couldn't walk I came home."

Telling this story to another soldier, we learnt to our astonishment that the same experience had been his. He also had been the only one of five to come out alive from a shelled dug-out, with thirty scraps of shell in his body. But though we had known both these men for years, this was the first time we had heard the tale from either.

Men Who Know War

Neither spoke with bitterness, and if one thing is more certain than another it is that the old soldiers' tales, as they told them to one another at the Sandon Hall reunion in Staffordshire, would be as little charged with ill-feeling.

They met as man to man, the feuds and ambitions of warring countries forgotten. Why can it not be so in this world, so much troubled now by war breathings and defiance? That men who know what war is, and how all who are plunged in it are the losers, should meet and talk like friends is like a gleam of sunlight in stormy skies; the cloud over the world is the petty hate and strife of the politicians who make the wars, not by the men who have to fight and die in them.

Another Shakespeare Film



Friar Laurence and Juliet in the film of *Romeo and Juliet* which has been made in Hollywood and will shortly be coming to this country

THE MAGIC WALLS

Houses Decorated in
an Hour

REMARKABLE IDEA IN PHOTOGRAPHY

By Our Scientific Correspondent

We have received information of a remarkable enterprise of great interest.

A new invention by which the decoration of a house or any great building can be carried out in a few hours has been made by a young Russian architect trained at London University, Mr Eugene Mollo.

By his process the walls of a house can be decorated in an hour, and a whole theatre can be decorated with designs on its walls.

The secret of this new scheme of decoration is a remarkably simple method of photography.

The films we see at the kinema are coated by machinery with a sensitive emulsion upon which the photographic image is formed. Mr Mollo sprays the walls of an entire building which is to be decorated with a liquid emulsion, and projects upon them pictures like the lantern pictures seen upon a screen.

Developing the Pictures

This projection, of course, exposes the sensitive emulsion. The next step is to spray the walls with a liquid developer, when the image becomes visible just like a photographic print.

As soon as it is developed the walls are hosed with a fixing solution and are finally washed with water. In this absurdly simple manner great areas of a building can be decorated with photographic designs in a few minutes. The decorations can be bleached out quickly and fresh designs put in their place. But the most important thing is that any kind of surface (curved, embossed, or sculptured) can be treated with the emulsion and photographed upon; a flat surface is quite unnecessary.

This new method of photographic spraying bids fair to revolutionise the decorator's art.

FLYING FOR HIS LIFE

Flying may be filling the world with fear, but we must not forget how often it saves men's lives.

An instance of this happened the other day when the steamship Nohata, 400 miles from the coast of California, sent out a wireless message for help for one of the crew, Martin Nolan, who had been badly injured.

The message was picked up by a coastguard patrol boat, and immediately an amphibian plane set off at top speed to the ship, took Nolan on board, and flew back to San Diego, where the injured man arrived in hospital eight hours after the SOS message had been sent from the Nohata.

THE HONOUR OF OUR PUBLIC SERVICE

ONE of our judges has been holding a public inquiry into the rumours that Budget secrets leaked out this year, and the widespread interest in the case shows how deeply the public conscience has been stirred.

This country is famed throughout the world for the honesty and integrity of its public servants in financial matters, and all parties in the State are proud of a reputation which has been maintained for over a century.

The intentions of the Chancellor of the Exchequer as to the raising or lowering of taxation are the most closely guarded of all secrets, and every care is taken to prevent the slightest hint of what his annual budget is to contain. Otherwise the State itself might lose big sums and private individuals might make profits at the expense of others not in the secret.

The Cabinet has to share the responsibility of the Chancellor, who tells them

his proposals a few days before making his statement in Parliament. At that Cabinet no notes are made and every member regards the information as a sacred trust which he must not betray.

This year it was noticed that there was unusual insurance in the City against a rise in income tax, and it was rumoured at Lloyd's that certain people were acting on what seemed to be definite knowledge of what was to be announced in the Budget. The subject was afterwards raised in Parliament, and the Government appointed a Tribunal of Inquiry to investigate the whole affair. This Tribunal, presided over by Mr Justice Porter, had absolute powers to summon before it any individual, however highly placed, and we have been witnessing during the past two weeks an example of English justice which is as near the ideal of absolute fairness as is possible in human affairs.

A STEP TO THE RIGHT IN AUSTRIA

A Bitter Prince Passes From Power

MORE HOPEFUL OUTLOOK

Austria has had a change of government which is of good promise for the future of a State in which all Europe is deeply interested.

Since the tragic death of Dr Dollfuss there have been two rival rulers in Austria, Herr von Schuschnigg, Chancellor and leader of the Christian Socialists, and Prince Starhemberg, Vice-Chancellor, head of the Fascists, and chief of a private army known as the Heimwehr.

It was the Heimwehr which overthrew the democratic Constitution of Austria, terrorising the Socialists in Vienna and other Austrian towns. The main link between the two ruling parties in Austria has been their opposition to the Nazi Party (in sympathy with Hitlerism), but the cleavage in the ranks of the two parties has arisen because Chancellor Schuschnigg has been anxious to win back the support of the working classes, whereas Prince Starhemberg wished to continue Fascist methods of autocratic control.

An Insolent Message

There was a quarrel in the Cabinet when the Chancellor established conscription for a national army, Prince Starhemberg declaring that the Heimwehr would be dissolved only over his dead body. This quarrel was patched up, but a crisis occurred when last week Prince Starhemberg sent a telegram to Signor Mussolini congratulating him on his victory in Abyssinia and expressing his delight in the victory of the Fascist spirit over democratic insincerity and hypocrisy.

This insolent message, an insult to the League of Nations, which has saved Austria from utter ruin, was regarded in Austria as an appeal to Mussolini to help his Party against the Chancellor. Chancellor Schuschnigg promptly handed in the resignation of his Government to President Miklas, who supported him in forming a new Government in which Prince Starhemberg has no office.

The Chancellor then sent a more reasonable message to Signor Mussolini, and the Prince has made his promised visit to Rome as Austrian sports-leader to witness an international football match, and not as Vice-Chancellor to concoct schemes with the Duce.

Herr von Schuschnigg rules Austria alone as Dictator, but there is every hope that in the near future democratic institutions will be established once again in Austria.

LITTLE ACTS OF KINDNESS

Now that old Mr Alfred Gee has left his farm and mill for ever none will say of him that he was one who "benefits forgot."

He remembered Albert West and left him £10 because in past years he had always brought to the farmer's notice any livestock for sale nearby that would be likely to suit him. Another £10 went to Amos Ashwell because of his readiness to do any little work for Mr Gee, and never overcharged for it. Small virtues perhaps, but worthy of reward.

Chiefly for reasons of economy the Central American State of Guatemala has resigned from the League of Nations.

Much trouble has arisen between China and Japan owing to a great increase in smuggling into North China.

There has been much serious rioting in Jerusalem between the Arabs and the Jews, with fatal shooting.

TYING WOOD IN A KNOT

A New Surprise For the World

Knots in wood are familiar enough, but at Princes Risborough Government laboratory for forest woods they will hand the visitor a strip of beechwood to tie into a knot with his hands.

It can then be untied and straightened out again as if nothing had happened to it. It is as flexible as a hard rope, and is a forest product of the laboratory with an unforeseen future before it. The process is an extension of one for bending it without breaking.

First the wood is steamed, then compressed at both ends in concertina fashion so as to follow the fibres, until it has lost from a sixth to a third of its length. When cooled it is found to be so flexible that it can be bent double, and will neither break nor spring back to its original position. It has lost its elasticity, and substituted flexibility.

This is the first stage of invention in a new wood substance which may prove to have many uses. Ash and elm, as well as beech, have yielded to the treatment. It remains to be seen whether the wood strips, after this severe compression of their fibres, will prove durable. When Pope wrote "As the twig is bent the tree's inclined," he had no such ideas as the modern scientific foresters.

OUR OVER-EIGHTIES

Keeping Young With the C N

That the C N helps to keep many old people young we have known for a long time; we know it from our postbag.

This week a 94-year-old clergyman sent us an article. A lady of 88 pointed out (in handwriting clear and firm) that the C N has slipped in giving Florence Nightingale's birthday as May 15 instead of May 12, which is also the birthday of this reader's son, who (our old lady tells us) was just off to stay with Florence Nightingale's cousin at her old home.

Another old lady, who has never missed the C N since Number One, noticed our reference to the days before matches and wrote to tell us of her father's struggle to get a light from his flint and steel during an emergency, and how in the end he had to go in search of his old gun and get a spark from that.

The last of our old-young correspondents confesses to being "past 80, but not old in spirit"; and well she proves it by an intelligent discourse on Land Taxation, in which she sees a natural solution of the problem of unemployment. She put in much hard thought before signing the Peace Ballot, and her next reading is to be Lord Tavistock's pamphlet on Poverty and Plenty. "There are few pleasures greater than being helped to see a solution of a difficulty," she assures us, and there is no need to say how proud we feel of such a reader.

That's the way to live to be 100.

ERNEST PERRY, HERO

It is grievous to hear of the death of Ernest Perry, aged only 25, in a gallant attempt to save the life of a workmate; but perhaps his death may help to prevent such tragedies for the future, and if so a brave young man has not died in vain.

Perry and a man named Presdee were working in a gas-holder at Port Talbot, Glamorgan. Presdee collapsed, and Perry was found leaning over him, exhausted by efforts to help. Both were unconscious when they were found, and Perry died later.

At the inquest the jury recommended that when such work is being done two men with breathing apparatus should be on duty outside the container, and that there should be telephonic communication with the ambulance station.

THE IRON HAND IN ABYSSINIA

Getting Rid of the Journalists

TERROR IN THE CAPITAL

The cruel hand of war is over Addis Ababa.

The Special Correspondent of The Times and several other European journalists have been expelled, and the policy of withholding news from the Italian people is apparently now being sternly applied to the Abyssinian capital. Hundreds of arrests have been made, and men have been shot in batches of forty and fifty.

What is happening behind the veil may be imagined from the experience of an Austrian banker who lives within the precincts of the Belgian Legation. He returned home the other day to find all the servants missing, and on asking for an explanation was told they had been shot in the night by the military authorities. Some of them had been with him twenty years.

The offensive treatment of Abyssinian Ministers of State is another evidence of the state of things existing in the capital with the arrival of the "civilising" army. The Director of Foreign Affairs and the Director of Public Instruction were both arrested on ridiculous charges, and were made to give the Fascist salute to each detachment of Mussolini's troops as they passed before them.

In the meantime it is reported that the Emperor of Abyssinia (Haile Selassie) is to live at a house on Lake Geneva.

ABYSSINIAN THRONE

Mussolini's Emperor Not Recognised

No man yet can say what will be the end of Signor Mussolini's conquest of Abyssinia.

Two things are certain: neither Great Britain nor the League recognises Mussolini's creation of his royal master as Emperor of Abyssinia, and neither Great Britain nor the League is dropping sanctions.

It is true that the King of Italy has accepted the Imperial Crown offered him by his Dictator, and that a bronze tablet has been placed in the Chamber of Deputies with this inscription: *On May 9 of the 14th year of the Fascist Era Benito Mussolini founded the Empire*; but these things belong to the political programme of Italy rather than to the history of the world.

In the meantime the League of Nations is awaiting developments, and sanctions remain in operation. They were imposed, of course, not as a punishment of Italy but as a means of securing the triumph of League principles over aggression; and it is to be hoped that they will be powerful enough to prevent the disgrace of allowing Signor Mussolini to get away with the loot of his war.

A FALSE CHARGE AGAINST BRITAIN

Italy and Dum-Dum Bullets

After having sent to the League of Nations a document accusing this country of supplying dum-dum bullets to Abyssinia, the Italian Government withdrew it before it was read in public.

The reason for the withdrawal was that the accusation was based on a fraudulent trick by a secret agent in London, and his action had been discovered by our Government, who sent a complete reply to Geneva.

Dum-dum bullets have soft noses which expand when they hit anyone and cause terrible wounds. They are used in shooting wild tigers and elephants, but their use in war has been forbidden by universal consent.

IN KING GEORGE'S MEMORY

What He Would Have Liked

King George the Fifth is to have a memorial worthy of his kingliness and kindness, and worthy of his people who have chosen it for him.

The memorial on which all the peoples of his Dominions will look with pride and reverence is that to be made by the side of Westminster Abbey. This, resulting from the clearance of the Abingdon Place site, as suggested by the Archbishop of Canterbury and described in the C N, will open up a view of the Abbey from the south-western approach such as none has seen for centuries. It will reveal the Abbey in something of the beauty dreamed of by its architects, and it will add also to the dignity of the Palace of Westminster. A statue of the King is to stand within the space.

This is the memorial of Greater Britain, the British League of Nations.

For Great Britain at home there is to be a less stately memorial, but one for which future generations will rise to call the King and his reign blessed. King George's Playing Fields are to be opened through the length and breadth of the land. On them the boys and girls of the future will find health and strength. That would have been King George's wish, and we think, had it been his to choose, this memorial to him is what he would have hoped to see.

LORD ALLENBY AND LITTLE HUBERT

Lord Allenby's love of children is often recalled by a family who knew him in France during the war.

When he and his staff were billeted in a chateau on the Somme he would often play with the grandchildren of his hostess, some of whom were refugees from ruined towns. His special friend was six-year-old Hubert Gros, a descendant of Baron Gros, the famous French painter.

General Allenby used to perch Hubert on his foot and say "Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross" as he jiggled him up and down.

When Lord Allenby went to Palestine in 1917 he found time during the campaign to write him several delightful letters. His friendship with the little French boy may have been of some comfort to him in the bitterness of his grief, for in the year he left France his only son was killed in action.

Hubert, grown-up now and living at Calais, still treasures the letters. His family moved there because their pretty house at Montdidier was pounded to dust by shells, not a shred of their furniture being left.

Hubert's grandmother proudly shows to visitors the OBE given to her by the British Government in recognition of her hospitality to King George and to many British officers.

THINGS SAID

It is not your fault.

A dying man to a motorist

Nowadays if a book has not shown a profit within six months it is dead.

Mr Herbert Read

We are all in the front line now.

Lady Rhondda

One of the greatest things the City of London has ever done was its fight for the freedom of the Press. Lord Camrose

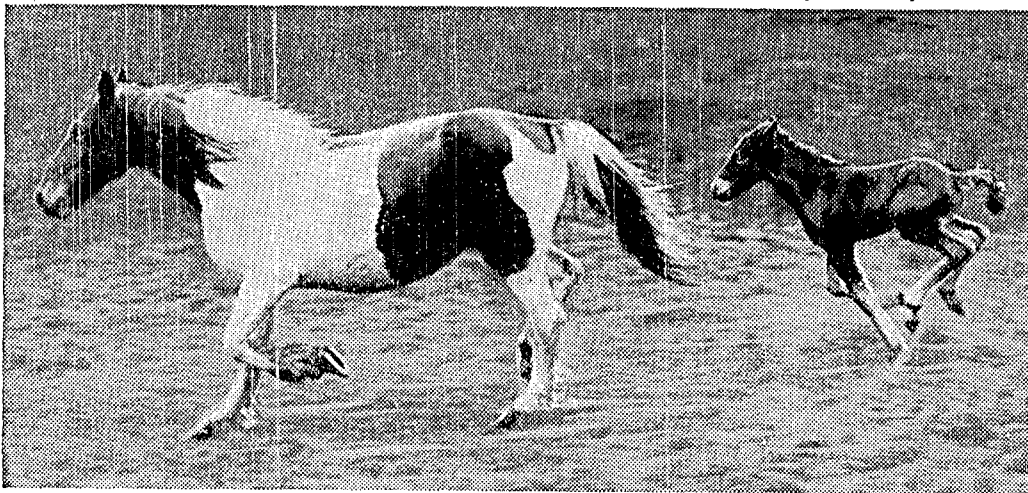
The Government is most anxious for international agreement on the subject of oil discharged 50 miles from the coast.

The Prime Minister

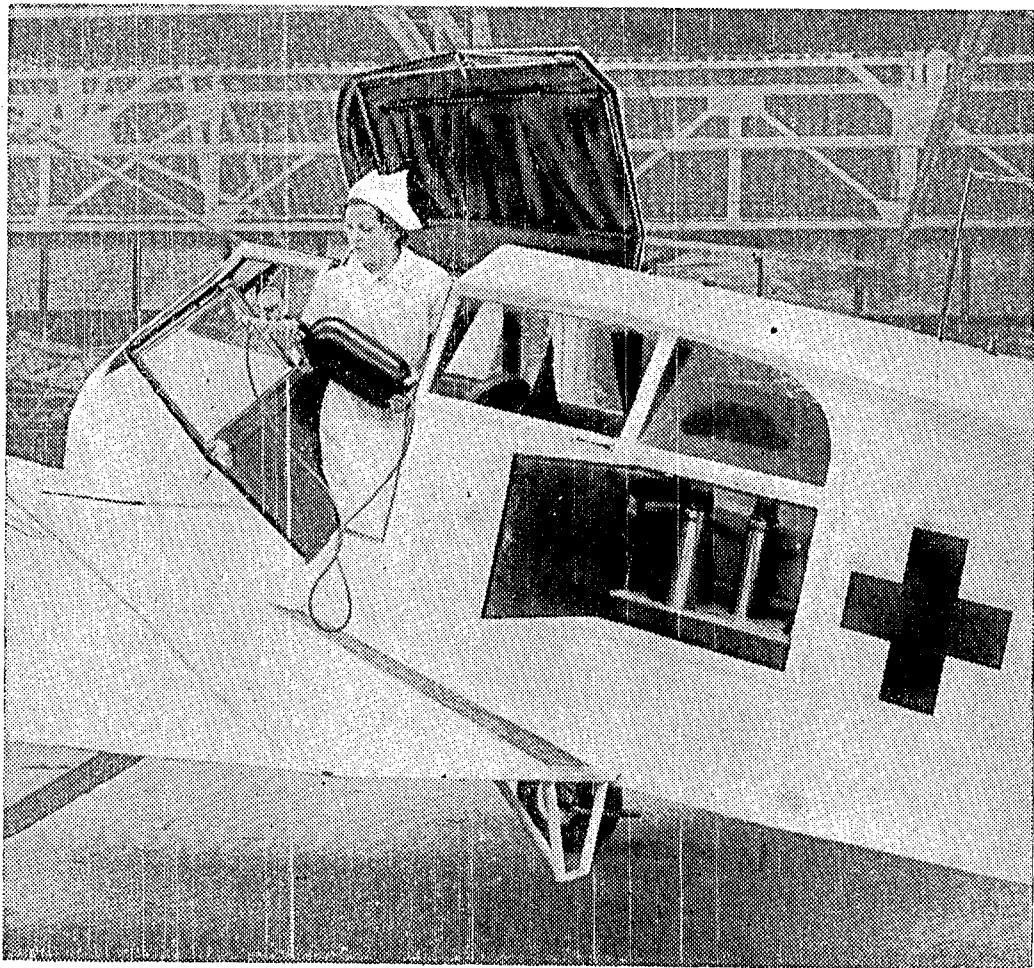
Danes at Tottenham · Flying Hospital · A Wren Spire



Danes at Tottenham—The charge of the Danes, a scene in a pageant of local history enacted by schoolchildren at Tottenham, where an Education Week is now being held.



Taking the Baby For a Run—A little foal tries to keep up with its mother during a run round a field at Winchmore Hill in North London.



Flying Hospital—A new plane equipped as a flying hospital which is now nearing completion at Hanworth in Middlesex. It will have a complete medical nursing equipment, an apparatus for blood transfusion, and an oxygen tent for dangerous cases.



A Wren Church—The spire of St Bride's Church is now being revealed from an unfamiliar viewpoint by the demolition of some century-old buildings in Salisbury Court.

THE LAST CRUSADER

LORD ALLENBY

His Fair Fame From
Jerusalem

DELIVERER OF THE HOLY CITY

*This is the Happy Warrior, this is he
Whom every man in arms would wish
to be.*

Field-Marshal Lord Allenby has been taken from the fast diminishing band of great leaders who upheld the cause of his country in the Great War.

Those of his fellows in arms who survive him tell us of his splendid qualities as a soldier and a leader of men, his strategic skill, his swift decision, his military knowledge, his courage and persistence. Let others speak of what it was in him that was morally great, and among them we place first T. E. Lawrence of Arabia, whom he accepted and then chose as his right-hand man in that Palestine campaign which gave Allenby his place in history.



Lord Allenby

Only a few months ago Lord Allenby spoke sorrowing words of the young man he had made his friend, and whom accident had swept away from further endeavour. But Lawrence's tribute to him is as undying as the fame of either:

Allenby was morally so great that the comprehension of our littleness came slow to him. His breadth of personality swept away the mist of private jealousies . . . what an idol the man was to us!

An idol, let us add, without feet of clay, undaunted under the threat of failure, and as unmoved by success! He was a great gentleman, a most lovable character to all who knew him, says another brother-in-arms; and a third declares that he thought of his men first. His Commander-in-Chief spoke a word of him that still rings in our ears—"He was the last and the happiest of the Crusaders."

He was the gallant warrior with Jerusalem written across his fair fame, and when his services in the South African War, his share in protecting the retreat from Mons, his dogged persistence through the Battle of Arras have passed into military history, that name and fame will still shine like a star.

His Entry Into Jerusalem

When he entered on his task the campaign in Palestine had hung fire. His presence and personality set it swiftly blazing. He turned the Turkish flank at Beersheba and smashed his way through Gaza to outflank the enemy again. He fought through winter rain and mud in Philistia.

On his own flank was his resourceful Colonel Lawrence with his guerrilla Arab army, and the two kept the enemy on the run. He entered Jerusalem, and so skilfully was the advance conducted that not a stone of the walls of the Holy City was so much as scarred by a bullet. Lord Allenby entered it on foot, passing through the Jaffa Gate. We may be sure that some who saw him would remember the pompous entry of the Kaiser years before, when a gate was taken down that he might ride through like a pagan conqueror.

Now let a Jew speak, a Rabbi of the Zionists:

His name will find a permanent place in chronicles of the House of Israel. He was not only the Deliverer of Jerusalem, but we shall never forget the spirit of reverence in which he entered the Holy City, not leading his soldiers like a conqueror on horseback, but dismounting to enter on foot like a pilgrim.

ASBESTOS OR

CELLULOID?

A Remarkable Bonfire

A bonfire was lighted by the Royal Aeronautical Society when they gave their garden party the other day.

It was intended for instruction as well as for entertainment. Its materials were a wooden model of a plane, with men clothed in asbestos suits sitting in the cabin. Ten gallons of petrol were poured over their temporary home, and the whole structure was set alight. The asbestos-clad men came out of this house-warming without a scorch or a scratch.

The experiment showed how an asbestos suit may save an airman's life if his plane catches fire. It also suggests to the C.N. a new material to replace the deadly explosive celluloid made into toys for little children. It is an odd contrast, asbestos to save people from the flames, and celluloid which condemns innocent children to them.

Perhaps our Home Secretary will give the idea his attention.

Write to him about it.

SEDBERGH MUST HAVE A NEW MASTER

Englishmen in many lands will regret that, owing to illness, Sedbergh School is to lose its headmaster, Mr Graham Burrell Smith.

When the first Tudor king was on the throne Sedbergh was the home of Roger Lupton, who seems to have lost his father and uncle in one of the terrible frays which disfigured our history in those days. The murderers found sanctuary at Durham, and Roger, on growing up, commemorated the dead men by building a chantry at Sedbergh where masses should be chanted for their souls.

When Roger was advancing in years he converted the chantry into a public school, which since then has played a conspicuous part in the education of the country. It had 1200 old boys at the war, and it maintains a thriving mission club at Bradford.

CINQUE PORTS ACROSS THE SEA

When the Queen Mary sails next Wednesday she will take from the Cinque Ports a message of greeting and goodwill to their namesakes in the United States and Canada, where there are altogether 32 towns bearing the name of Dover, ten of Hastings, three of Sandwich, two of Romney, and five of Ryē.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot!

Continued from the previous column

There was a necessary pause, and then Allenby, deceiving the German commander of the Turks as to his direction, swept irresistibly forward, with Colonel Lawrence, King Feisul, and the Arabs on the right flank east of Jordan. Past Nazareth and Galilee went the advance, driving the Turks before them, and crushing the last remnant of Turkish power in the plain of Armageddon.

That was the end, though the momentum of the advance carried it on to Damascus, where Allenby's troops were received by Lawrence's Arabs who had swiftly moved on to take possession. Colonel Lawrence has written how on the night of the arrival and the fervent rejoicings he heard the voice of the muezzin calling the people to prayer from the minaret of the mosque:

There is no God but God, the Merciful, the Compassionate, and He has been very good to us this day, O people of Damascus.

That was the spirit in which Lord Allenby, the Last Crusader, received the honours of the Last Crusade.

A LAST LETTER OF

CAPTAIN SCOTT

His Friend Follows Him

Captain Scott's last tragic expedition to the Antarctic is brought back to mind by the passing of his old friend Sir Joseph James Kinsey in New Zealand.

While Captain Scott was carrying out his last preparations at Christchurch he stopped with Joseph Kinsey, and was indebted to him, as the expedition's diaries show, for wise counsel and generous assistance.

When the last hours of the heroic explorers were approaching Captain Scott, lying in the sleeping-bag of his tent amid the Antarctic snows, pencilled this note to his old friend:

My dear Kinsey—I'm afraid we are pretty well done now! Four days of blizzard just as we are getting to the last depot. My thoughts have been with you often. You have been a brick. You will pull the expedition together, I'm sure. . . . We have been to the South Pole, as we set out. God bless you and dear Mrs Kinsey. It is good to remember you and your kindness—Your friend R. Scott.

All the courage and endurance, all the hope against hope, as Scott and his companions passed away into the darkness, only eleven miles from safety, are in those few pencilled lines. They were Sir Joseph's proudest, most sorrowful possession till the time came when he went to join his brave, undaunted friend in that blest abode where, beyond these voices, there is peace.

SEAHORSE & DRAGONS

How They Come Into
Our Trade

A correspondent has been reading that Lord Ritchie, Chairman of the Port of London, said the other day that we regularly import dragon's blood and seahorse-teeth into this country, though he confessed that he has no idea what they are.

Dragon's blood is the dried gum produced by the red sandal tree of the Dutch East Indies and by certain trees and plants of South America. Not knowing what the valuable product was, our 16th-century seamen attributed it to dragons, and dragon's blood in name it has remained, an invaluable ingredient in dyeing horn to imitate tortoiseshell, in staining marble, and for various kinds of tooth-powder.

As for the seahorse-teeth, these again link us with Tudor days. The so-called teeth are ivory from the walrus, narwhal, hippopotamus and rhinoceros.

A CUP OF KINDNESS

During this week the thousands of girls who do not play golf will be wondering at the enthusiasm of the hundreds who do.

The enthusiasm has been kindled because a team of American girls is trying hard to wrest the Golf Championship from the girls of England, Ireland, and Scotland. The United States is listening-in to the results with an interest bordering on anxiety.

But whether Mrs Glenna Collett Vare, who has tried so often, succeeds this time, or one of her younger companions wins the honour, there will be something left to the Old Country more to be prized than victory.

When the American team came over they brought with them the Curtis Cup, which is played for every two years and has not yet been won by Great Britain. The British team did not win it this time, but they halved the match.

These generous Americans therefore offered to waive their right to take the Cup back with them. We could not accept the offer, but, though we admire the Cup, we must admire the action more.

DEATH OF A GREAT IDEA

Severn Bridge Killed By
a Committee

One very remarkable item of news comes from Parliament.

The Bill for the construction of a road bridge across the Severn, which was promoted by the County Councils of Monmouthshire and Gloucestershire, is dead.

It has been thrown out by the Committee of four members appointed by the Commons to examine it. After ten meetings they decided that the preamble of the Bill had not been proved; in other words, that the bridge was not needed.

The bridge, which was estimated to cost £2,272,000 and an annual sum of £8625, had been strongly urged by the local authorities and by all road-users, and the Ministry of Transport was prepared to make a grant of 75 per cent toward the cost.

Cardiff would have been brought 50 miles nearer by road to Bristol if the scheme had been approved, while great benefits would have accrued to the areas around the lower reaches of the Severn, South Wales, and the south and southwest of England. Immediate work for many unemployed in the distressed area of South Wales would have been forthcoming.

The decision is a very great disappointment to a multitude of people and appears to us to be in defiance of the common sense of the situation.

ALONE IN A BIG SHOP

A Four-Year-Old's Adventure

The door which mysteriously opens and shuts with a clang, imprisoning the hero, is nothing new in fiction, but a very small heroine aged four found it horribly true the other day. The story is a little late, but we have only just heard of it.

The four-year-old, Winnie Lawrence, was amusing herself outside a big Hull store shut for early closing when she happened to rest for a moment against the door. Suddenly it opened. Winnie tumbled in backward, and then the door swung shut again, this time locking firmly.

For a small girl to find herself alone in a big shop, with no one to tell her not to pick up this or play with that, must have seemed seventh heaven for a while; but soon Winnie thought she had had enough, and then it was that she found the door would no longer open for her. It was a terrifying moment, and luckily her shouts were soon heard; but of all the crowd assembled outside none could get poor Winnie out. Her mother was found, and coming to the door she comforted Winnie with a long conversation through the letter-box; but the manager was away, and the charwoman who had a key was away from home.

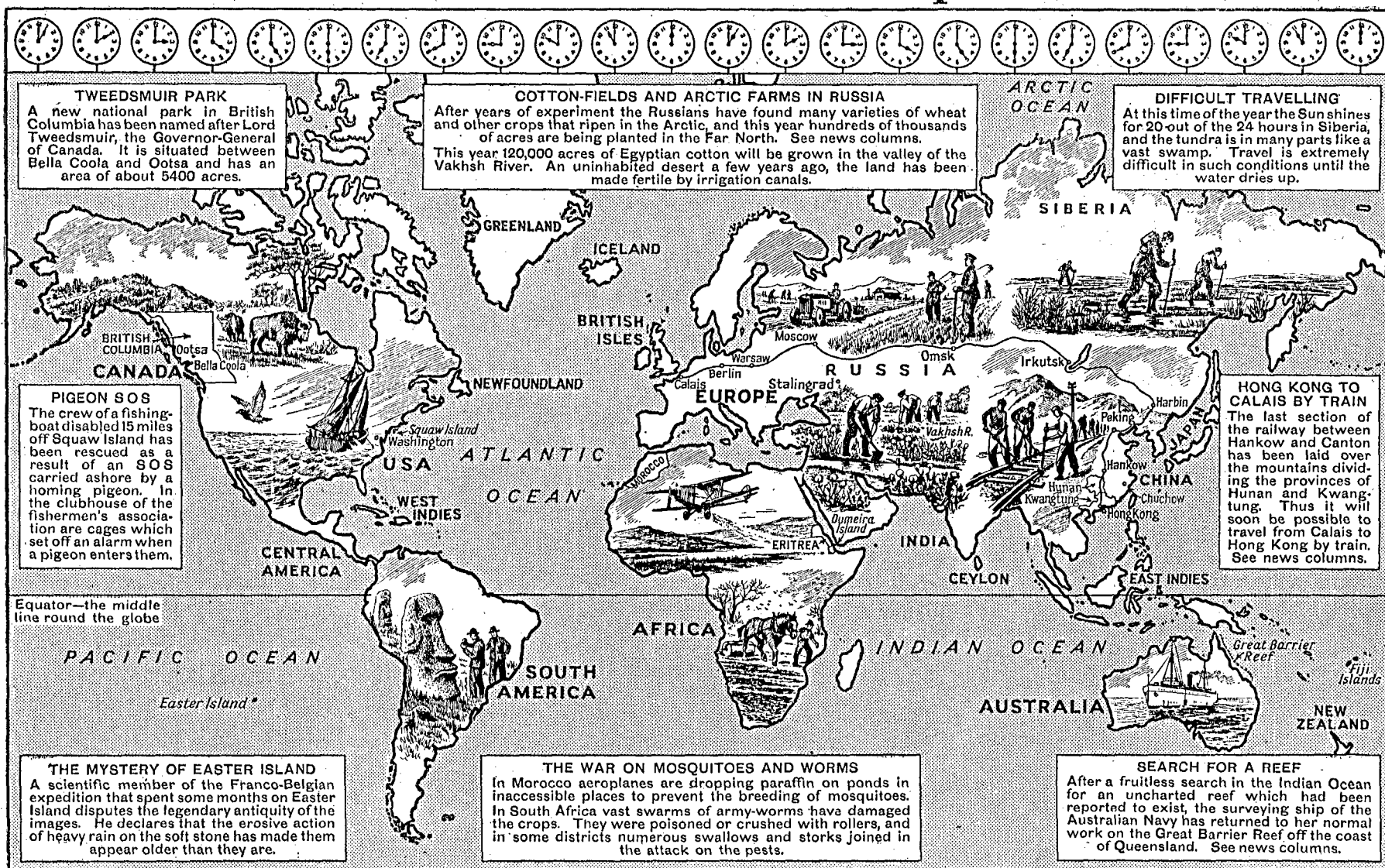
Happily, just when the police were deciding to break open the door, a young man appeared with a key, and the heroine, as heroines should be, was rescued safely.

THE EMPEROR'S CROWN

Should the fallen Emperor come to London, where he is already known and much respected, he will remember that his crown has already been here.

After the defeat of his unworthy predecessor the Emperor Theodore, and the capture of Magdala in 1868, the ancient crown of the empire was found and sold for a song by an English soldier, and found its way to the King of Prussia. Lord Napier had issued rigorous orders against looting, and, these coming to the notice of the King of Prussia, he forwarded the crown to England, where it was preserved as a regal relic at South Kensington.

CN Picture-News and Time Map of the World



FROM CALAIS TO HONG KONG BY RAIL

Completion of a Great Track

The last rail of the new north to south railway in China has been laid.

Within a year of the establishment of an air-route from England to Hong Kong this railway, linking that port with Calais, will be opened. The journey will take 18 days.

An army of 100,000 coolies was engaged, and the railway has been made over the South Mountains dividing the provinces of Hunan and Kwangtung, country of great beauty. The biggest task of all was to carry the line across the River Lei. A bridge of 1280 feet has been built, its 11 piers consisting of 851 concrete and 600 Oregon pine piles, brought by boat with the superstructure from Chuchow. This bridge has been almost entirely placed in position by man-power—an amazing achievement.

With a north-south railway and west-east waterways China's communications will soon be knit together effectively.

See World Map

MOVABLE POWER

Russian development cannot wait for five-year plans, but must hurry on with electric speed.

The country is too vast for electric grids, but if the work that has to be done cannot find a power station, a small portable power station can be brought to the work. The road that is to be made, the bridge to be built, the factories and flats to be raised, will apply for these portable power stations.

There are to be 600, mounted on trailers so that they can be quickly moved to places where wanted. They will be of two types, a 20-kilowatt station on a Stalingrad tractor motor and a 50-kilowatt on a Cheliabinsk motor. Autumn will see them pouring out supplies.

NO KIWIS TO GIVE AWAY

The Man Who Wanted a Big Egg

We hope no reader of the C.N. will make the mistake of an Arizona citizen.

He noticed a newspaper paragraph which stated quite rightly that the New Zealand kiwi is no larger than a domestic hen, but lays 14-ounce eggs, while a hen's eggs average only about two ounces.

He wrote to the Auckland Chamber of Commerce that he raised chickens and would like to buy some kiwi fowl.

Unfortunately for him and others who would like kiwi hens to lay 14-ounce eggs the kiwi is becoming rare in New Zealand, for it cannot be domesticated. It is protected by law, and anyone having a kiwi in his possession is liable to a fine of £25.

HINKLER'S GRAVE

The Italians have taken reverent care of the remains of poor Bert Hinkler, the gallant Australian airman who crashed and was killed in the Tuscan Apennines.

A memorial has been erected at the fatal spot, and he is buried in the Allori cemetery. Mrs. Hinkler, his mother, and his surviving brother have just visited the scene as the guests of the Italian authorities, and the Italian Shipping Company took them to Italy from Australia without charge.

The local people saved many relics of the lost plane for the bereaved family.

AUSTRALIA AS A MELTING-POT?

It may well be that Australia will become, like the United States, a melting-pot of nationalities.

Since assisted emigration came to an end the number of Britons leaving Australia has been greater than those entering as settlers, and foreign immigrants are increasing. In 1933 620 foreigners settled there, and last year the number increased to 2040.

FREEING TRADE

First Treaty of Its Kind For 150 Years

America is to reduce its tariffs on certain luxury goods produced by France, and in return France is to increase the quota for cars, refrigerators, and wireless sets made in America.

The Trade Treaty which provides for this lowering of tariff walls has just been signed at Washington and is the first of its kind between these two old friends since the War of Independence. Commerce between them will be increased and the exchanges steadied.

TWO PARACHUTES IN ONE

In no other land has parachuting become such a popular pastime as in Russia, so that it is not surprising to hear of a new kind of parachute designed by a Soviet engineer.

It is a double parachute, and the two envelopes together are 40 per cent smaller than one ordinary parachute; yet it is claimed that the new model will retard the velocity of descent by 30 per cent. In descending the lower parachute opens first, and the air rushing through an opening in the centre compels the upper parachute to open.

THE GREAT FEAST

No matter how big the dish of food placed before a native Fijian, it usually disappears.

This has just been illustrated by a mistake of the manager of a gold-mining company in Fiji. He thought he would save time and trouble by handing out a week's rations to the Fijian labourers instead of merely the daily ration.

Imagine his surprise the next day when the whole party of Fijians appeared at the store asking for more!

"We come kai-kai," they said, kai-kai being food of any sort.

In future they will have one day's rations at a time.

MAKING THE OCEANS SAFE

The Reef That Does Not Exist

The Moresby, surveying ship of the Australian Navy, has been scouring the Indian Ocean in search of a reef which had been reported as existing, though not appearing on charts.

After sailing for 1000 miles from her base the Moresby returned with the reassuring statement that this reef does not exist. The normal work of this ship, which is now commanded by an Australian, is to map the Great Barrier Reef and other obstructions to shipping on the north and east coasts of Australia.

The most important work of the Navy in peace time is charting, and it was his success in this difficult work that first brought Captain Cook into prominence.

How extensive this work is can be realised when we learn that last year 582,890 charts were printed and a profit of £47,000 made from their sale. Only a little over half the number was for the use of the Navy itself and other Government departments. It would appear that the sea-bed, like the land surface, has not many more big secrets to reveal, for last year there was a decrease of 50 per cent in rocks and other dangers to navigation discovered by naval vessels.

But when the land of the world is completely surveyed the sea-bed will still have to be sounded, for shoals are ever forming, submarine earthquakes alter local conditions, and the coral insect builds and builds. The work of the naval surveyor, therefore, must go on.

See World Map

Last Month's Weather

LONDON		RAINFALL	
Sunshine	132 hrs.	Falmouth	2.64 ins.
Rainfall	1.57 ins.	Birmingham	2.01 ins.
Dry days	19	Southampton	1.77 ins.
Wet days	11	Chester	1.73 ins.
Sunniest day	18th	Gorleston	1.26 ins.
Wettest day	20th	Tynemouth	1.02 ins.
Warmest day	25th	Aberdeen	0.71 ins.

CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

MAY 23

1936

To Certain Rulers of the Earth

These words, sent to us by an old friend passing out of the world, and marked Don't Worry, we print for the benefit of whomsoever in the world they may appear to concern.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR unto all people, nations, and languages: Peace be multiplied unto you.

I thought it good to show the signs and wonders that the high God hath wrought toward me.

I Nebuchadnezzar was at rest in mine house, and flourishing in my palace. I saw a dream which made me afraid. I beheld a tree in the midst of the Earth. The tree grew, and was strong, and the height thereof reached unto heaven, and the sight thereof to the end of all the Earth. The beasts of the field had shadow under it, and the fowls of the heaven dwelt in the boughs.

And behold, a watcher came down from heaven, and said, Hew down the tree, and cut off his branches, shake off his leaves, and scatter his fruit. Nevertheless leave the stump of his roots in the earth, even with a band of iron and brass, in the tender grass of the field; and let it be wet with the dew of heaven, and let his portion be with the beasts in the grass of the earth. Let his heart be changed, and let a beast's heart be given unto him. This dream I Nebuchadnezzar have seen.

Then Daniel answered and said, My Lord, the tree that thou sawest, it is thou, O king, that art grown and become strong, for thy greatness reacheth unto heaven, and thy dominion to the end of the Earth.

This is the interpretation, O king, and this is the decree of the Most High, that they shall drive thee from men, and thy dwelling shall be with the beasts of the field, and they shall make thee to eat grass as oxen, till thou know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men.

The same hour was the thing fulfilled upon Nebuchadnezzar; and he was driven from men, and did eat grass as oxen.

At the end of the days I Nebuchadnezzar lifted up mine eyes unto heaven, and mine understanding returned unto me, and I praised and honoured him that liveth for ever, whose dominion is everlasting. He doeth according to his will, and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou?

My reason returned unto me; and for the glory of my kingdom mine honour and brightness returned unto me.

Now I Nebuchadnezzar praise and extol and honour the King of Heaven, all whose works are truth and his ways judgment; and those that walk in pride he is able to abase.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Those Poets

THE Archbishop of Canterbury has been warned.

He has been telling us of an old secretary who, reporting on a certain clergyman, said:

"Well, your Grace, I think he needs watching; he writes poetry."

The Primate can now enter into the feelings on the subject of one of Dickens's immortal characters, who declared that poetry is unnatural, and never talked but by a beadle and sundry other "low fellows." As for actually writing poetry, he never knew but one respectable coachman guilty of the practice.

The poor coachman came to a bad end, "but he was only a Camberwell man, so even that's no rule."

Great Men and Little Men

We regret to announce the death of Sir Joseph Petavel, F.R.S., Director of the National Physical Laboratory, an engineer and physicist of wide reputation.

So runs an obituary notice of one whose loss is very real to our society. Yet how few members of our public know of Sir Joseph Petavel or of many more real public servants of great merit! The public hears much of the M.P. for Muddtown (or should it be Muddletown?), who makes a rising reputation by asking irritating party questions in the House of Commons, but little or nothing of men who form the backbone of the nation. The truth is that real worth is content to produce real work, while the "public man" too often seeks wordy publicity.

The Rattle of the Streets

It is good to know that more and more people are interesting themselves in the importance of being quiet.

One day we shall stop the murderous noise of the streets. A Hore-Belisha will arise and do it for us, and every man and woman will thank him. It can be done, and he will compel it.

There is nothing in the world more scandalous than the fact that thousands of rattling things are allowed to be put on the streets every day, creating a din which is not only insufferable, but is a positive danger to health, and to life itself.

Our Duty To Our Neighbours

WHOEVER sees an act involving danger to any user of the road and does not report it to some authority has failed in his duty to his neighbour. The Times

A Word From Shakespeare

To Abyssinia and the League

We are at the stake
And bayed about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischief. Julius Caesar

Illusions and Realities

LORD MARLEY is reported to have declared that "the Japanese population problem is an illusion."

The illusion is surely with Lord Marley, for nothing could be more concrete than the fact that the Japanese people are increasing at the rate of, roundly, a million every year.

It is worse than useless to cherish illusions. The Japanese must have room to live and work. It is also useless to reproach them with increasing. What should we have said if, as recently as the year 1881, some foreign critic had reproached us for adding 400,000 to our population?

Tip-Cat

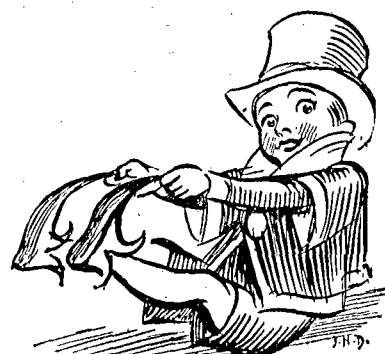
SOME people in South London have been helping themselves to cabbages in an allotment. When seen they cut and ran.

FIVE doctors in one suit is the heading of a law report. A tight fit.

A SAILOR has carried a lucky sixpence round the world three times. Knows how to make money go a long way.

AN artist who paints the lions at the Zoo tries to make friends with them. They refuse to be drawn.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If the polite housemaid is a civil servant

MANY Londoners are very little acquainted with London. But they know it is a capital city.

LIFT-MEN can usually take a joke. It goes down with them.

THE gramophone can give you lessons in cricket. In record time.

FLIES keep away from mint. Are put off the scent.

A MAN with a new garden wants to show it off. Likes his friends to plant their feet in it.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

CHINA's illiterate people have fallen in a few years from 80 to 60 per cent.

ANTI-DAZZLE headlights are to come into force next October.

THE BERNHARD BARON TRUST has given £25,000 to the Royal College of Surgeons.

JUST AN IDEA

It is well to bear in mind that the lives of the people are worth more to any country than all its battlefields.

What Do You See From Your Windows?

WHAT do you see from your windows? Do some of you see, as one C.N. reader sees, five forms of locomotion, changing as the years pass?

First and oldest is the canal at the foot of the garden, opened by George the Third in 1810. Along its banks Jane Austen loved to wander and William Wilberforce thought out his life's campaign. Watchers from the windows in those days had the thrill of seeing narrow little barges pass by laden with goods and fashioned in the shape of the fire-hollowed trees used by Red Indians as canoes.

Then, a hundred years ago, in 1835, came the excitement of the first train travelling from Paddington to Bristol. Can you not hear the scampering of little feet along the passages as the children rushed to the windows to see, in the hollow below the level of the canal, the puffs of smoke coming from this strange invention?

Another passage of time, and on the road beyond the railway strange vehicles are seen travelling, as the Chinaman said, "with no pushee, no pullee," at an alarming speed. Now the period is the nineteen-thirties, and the King George the Fifth engine is passing, wearing on the front of it the big bell presented to it in America. The mighty monarch passes on its way to the West and the sea, and two excited little boys stamp with their feet on the floor and cheer!

Aeroplanes crossing the valley have by now become a commonplace, the motors on the roadway have doubled their speed, the canal is a quiet waterway which scarcely anyone uses. And now it is Spring in 1936, and again we rush to the window, for what is this travelling at a speed so great that we have not time to call each other before it has passed by? It is the new primrose-coloured streamlined rail-car on its journey from Bristol to Weymouth.

Truly there is no end to the marvels we watch from our windows as the years pass by.

A Lancashire Weaver To a Cricket

Sing on, there's nobbut thee an' me; We'll mak th' house ring, or else we'll see.

Thee sing those little songs o' thine As weel as t' con, an' aw'll sing mine. We'll have a concert here toneet, Soa pipe thi notes out clear an' sweet; Thee sing a stave or two for me, An' then aw'll sing a bit for thee. That's reet, goa on, my little guest, Thee tries to do thi very best, An' aw'll do th' same, then thee an' me May get our names up yet tha'll see. Whey, th' childers listenin' at the door;

There's crowds about! there is for sure!

How pleased they seem, dear little things,

Aw'd sooner sing for them nur kings.

Adapted from Samuel Laycock, dialect poet

The Slanderer

Who loves another's name to stain He must not dine with me again.

On Augustine of Hippo's dining-table

ARCTIC FARMS

TIMING THE WHEAT CROP

A Russian Idea For Cheating the Frosts

LONG-DAY & SHORT-DAY PLANTS

In trying to make wheat grow where it would not grow before the scientific plant breeders of Russia have begun with the seed.

Some of their experiments have been mentioned in the C.N. The idea at the back of them is to treat the seed of the wheat so that the crop will come to the ear sooner, and so may be harvested before extremes of weather destroy it.

In North America the wheat belt has been pushed higher up the Arctic Circle by finding early-flowering wheats which will escape the early frosts of autumn. This is an old story. The Russian practice, which aims at finding a wheat coming to a head before the dry season sets in, is new. American as well as Russian experimenters are deeply interested in the method, to which the Russian Professor Lysenko gives the name of vernalisation.

The Habits of Plants

According to modern ideas a flowering plant like wheat or maize gets ready to produce its flowers while it is still growing. The two processes can run side by side, though Lysenko maintains that everything, stalk growth, flower development, fruit production, goes on in well-defined steps.

But the beginning of each step depends on the surroundings of warmth or moisture, and on light. Light appears to be the chief thing in bringing about the time of flowering. This impulse is not the intensity of the light, nor the amount, but the length of day.

Plants which have been growing and flowering, fruiting and reproducing themselves for millions of years are naturally conservative in their habits. There are short-day and long-day plants. Tropical plants are short-day creatures of habit because they are accustomed to 12 hours of light and 12 of darkness. If they are grown elsewhere and are given less than 12 hours light they flower sooner. If exposed to 16 hours light they grow well but will not flower at all.

The Arctic Circle flowering plants are used to very long days in summer. If grown where the day is ordinarily long they flower quickly, but if where the days are short remain flowerless and sterile.

The Wild Violet

All our common English plants, like wheat or turnips, are long-day plants, though we have one charming short-day plant, the wild violet, which we saw blooming in a sheltered dell during the bitter winds of Easter. One exception to the general rule is our annual meadow grass, which is called ever-blooming, because it will go on flowering through the year whether getting five or 20 hours of light.

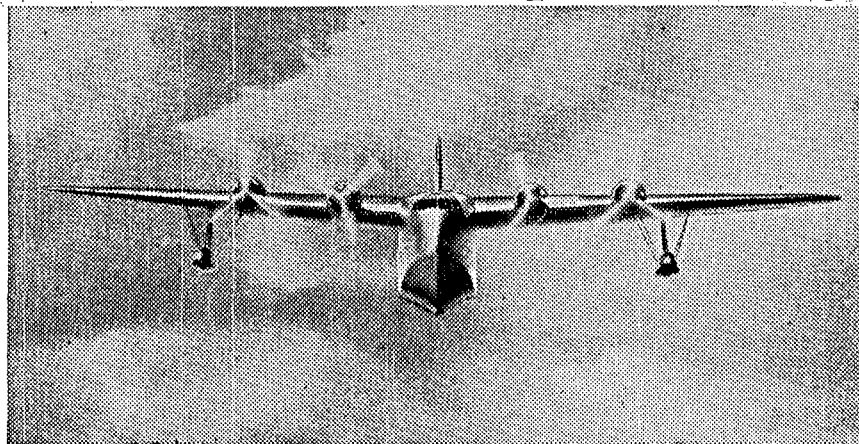
These rules are not rigid. Flowering plants will go on flowering and seeding in days when the amount of light is that which suits them best; and if grown first in the proper allowance of light and then transferred will still flower. But the rule about the length of day is one which is nearly always obeyed, though there is no explanation of it.

The application of the rule made by the plant breeders is that of dosing short-day plants with darkness or cold while they are still seedlings. By this means winter wheat can be planted in spring, and will come up smiling with an abundant crop.

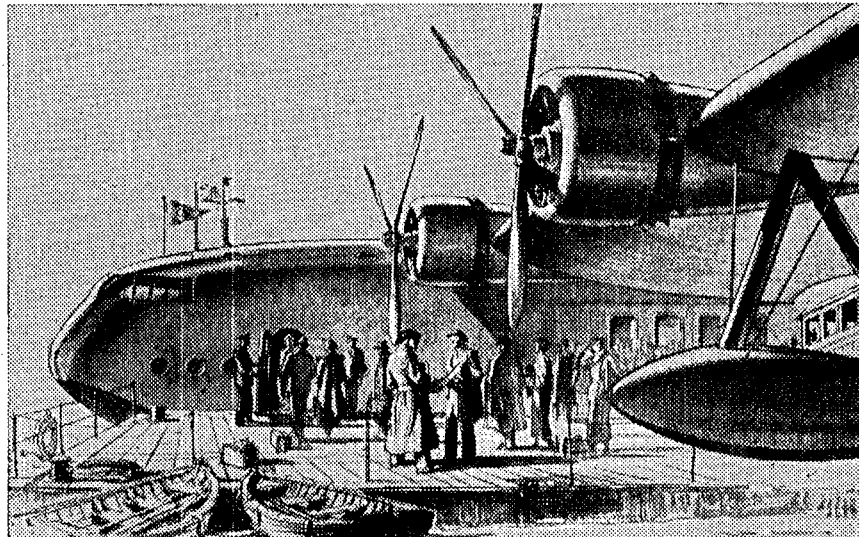
POWER OF TOMORROW

Men are going to have to depend more and more on solar energy stored in coal, and organic products of the soil, plus water power, because of the gradual depletion of oil reserves. Dr Robert Millikan

Wings For the Empire Airways



The small frontal area of one of the big new flying-boats



At Rochester in Kent 28 big new flying-boats are being built for the Empire services of Imperial Airways. Here an artist visualises the scene at the departure of one of these giants

WHAT DO YOU EAT?

MOST of the young people of the C.N. if asked what their daily food was would want a sheet of paper to write the items down.

All the countries of the world send something to add to the bill of fare; yet all the contributions fall under a few heads, meat, poultry and eggs, fish, milk, fruit, vegetables. How does England share these out?

Taken as a whole we are a nation of meat eaters. No other people eat so many sheep. Nine-tenths of the flocks come to the English dinner-table. The French eat far less beef and mutton, and less meat of all kinds, with a preference for veal. The Italians eat still less meat and a great deal more cereals. The Germans prefer pork, though they can no longer afford to keep 80 million pigs as they did before the war.

The Staff of Life

But all these peoples depend most on wheat. Bread is still to them the staff of life. The New World wheat-growers are right in striving with might and main to increase the world's wheat supply, for neither the New World nor the Old can live without it.

It is not easy to arrive at the proportions of wheat and meat eaten in England; but France, which is a midway kind of country as a meat eater and produces most of her own food, can tell us a good deal about the food of the average person. There are two ways of reckoning it. France grows about 6,500,000 tons of wheat, enough to feed her people for 180 days if they ate nothing else.

Her production of the other cereals (rye, barley, buckwheat, and maize) would feed them for 54 days. Haricot beans, peas, and beans would last 9 days, potatoes 60 days, meat only 45 days, milk 42 days. Poultry and eggs, rather surprisingly, would all go in less than half a week. Altogether France seems to produce enough to keep her population going for 450 days; but we cannot leave out of account the animals

that have to be fed if they are to add to the food quota, and these take the produce of 100 days.

The Frenchman's average daily allowance of meat is less than an ounce a day compared to a pound of bread. In the same time he accounts for nine ounces of green vegetables and two ounces of dried, four ounces of potato or rice, two ounces of fruit, one ounce of eggs, one ounce of butter, about two ounces of sugar, seven ounces of milk.

The Englishman's allowance, while including more meat and fish, adds about the same quantity of bread. It has been said that man cannot live by bread alone, and it is true that he must have fat. He could live on bread and milk, but to them must be added fresh vegetables if he is to keep in health.

When Catherine of Aragon wanted a salad a gardener had to be imported from Holland to grow it for her. The other day we were talking to an admiral who said that forty years ago on the west coast of Africa they fed largely on tinned beef 20 years old and weevily biscuits.

The Mysterious Vitamins

Our very varied diet nowadays is a guarantee that we shall take in with it the mysterious vitamins we all need, existing only in microscopic quantities but indispensable for health. Bread and milk remain our chief stand-by, and we must have the best of them. Every authority on food would vote first for good bread, and many declare that we should be better fed if our loaves were baked of wholemeal flour instead of white flour, deprived of its minerals and vital vegetable germs.

Milk is one of the finest of all foods, but we ought to see that our cows are carefully fed on greenstuff soaked with sunshine. The one food which is too popular seems to be sugar.

If we are to have a slogan, in the fashion of the times, let it be:

Eat more bread, more milk, and less sugar.

HEROES DAY BY DAY

THE CARNEGIE ROLL OF FAME

Astounding Story of a Brave Deed in the Clouds

THE WIND AND THE PARACHUTIST

Signor Mussolini, who maintains that man's greatest glory is to slay or die on the battlefield, would perhaps not agree with Mr Carnegie's idea of rewarding the heroes of peace who bravely attempt to preserve or rescue their fellows. Those who maim and kill their fellows Mr Carnegie defined as false heroes of barbarism.

The Report of the Carnegie Hero Trust for 1935 makes dramatic reading, for here are set down short accounts of every act of heroism recognised by the Trust last year.

Heroic Women and Boys

Three women and 12 boys under 17, the youngest 13, are among these heroes, and there are enough unemployed men to prove that they are ready for anything. A postman on his rounds grappled with a madman armed with a razor and overcame him. A deaf mute, Albert Tarr, gave his life in trying to save a small boy from being run down by a train. A one-legged man, Alfred Brennan, rescued a woman from drowning in a rough sea off Thurso. A colonial officer invalidated home dived into Plymouth Sound and rescued a man who had fallen overboard. A charwoman, Florence Ketteridge, only a little bit of a woman, snatched at the reins of a runaway horse with a coal lorry, and stopped it though she was badly hurt.

Heights and Depths

There are heroes in the depths of the earth and heroes in the heights. One of the most dramatic stories tells how a pilot instructor, Alfred Glover, rescued a youth who was making his first parachute jump. It is an amazing tale.

The parachutist had climbed out on to the wing and was just about to drop when the strong wind blew his tie out. It caught on a bracing wire and was pulled so tight round his neck that he was practically strangled, and after a short struggle to free himself he lost consciousness. The pilot at once left the controls of the machine, got hold of the young man with one hand, and with the other managed to get a penknife from his pocket and cut the tie. He then dragged the unconscious youth across the wing to the cockpit, and, holding him with one hand, controlled the plane with the other and landed.

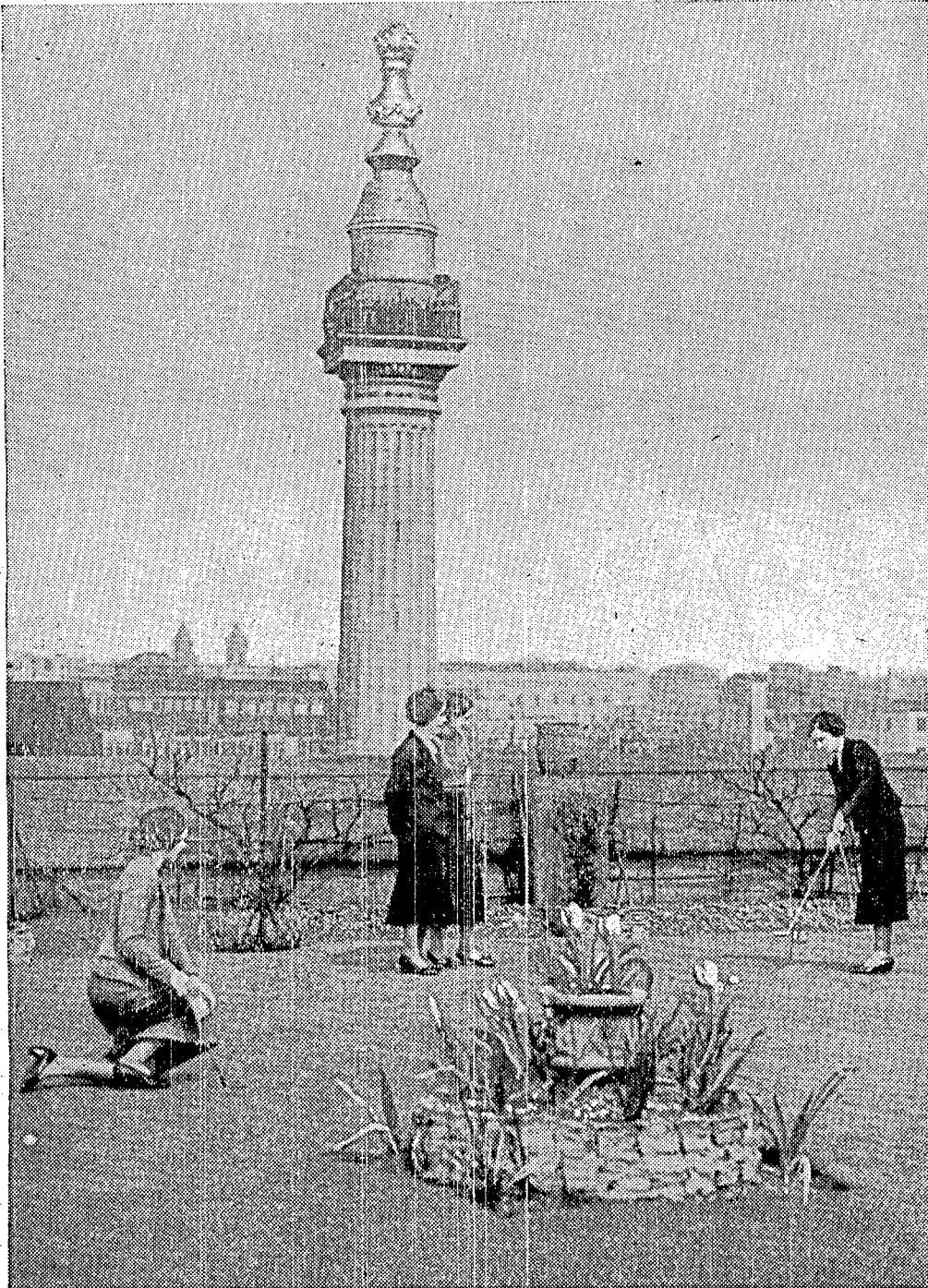
The Roll at Dunfermline

Most of the rescues are from runaway horses, fires, drowning, fumes from tanks, or mine accidents. It was the heroism shown in a mine accident that first gave Mr Carnegie the idea of these awards, and though many miners do not come under the Trust regulations, as their heroism is rewarded in other ways, the names of seven miners are among the 126 added last year to the Heroes Roll so proudly displayed at Dunfermline; 26 of these lost their lives, and the award went to their relatives, many widows and children being given grants.

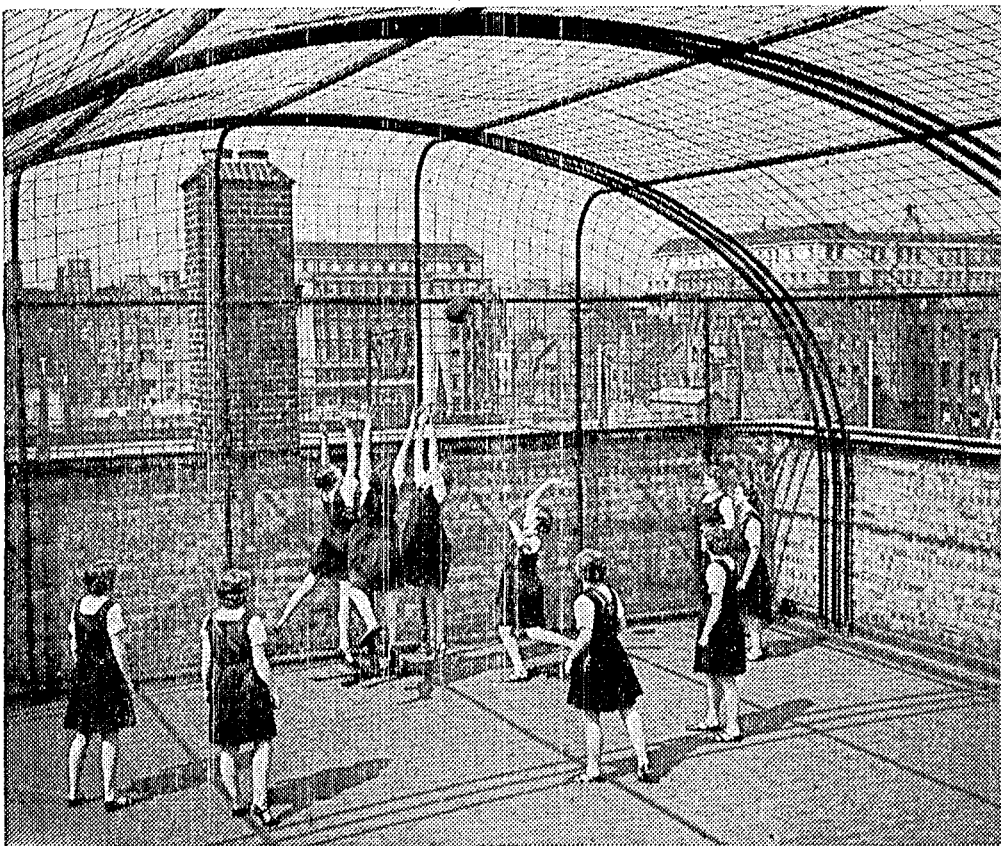
Last year the Trust celebrated the centenary of Andrew Carnegie's birth in a Dunfermline cottage by sending an extra two guineas to every name on the Trust register, and the letters of acknowledgment must have made Mrs Carnegie a proud woman.

Though most of the heroic acts reported in the papers are followed up by the Trustees, not all those for which awards might be made become known to them within the time-limit of six months. All who hear of a case which has not been made known should send an account of it to the Carnegie Hero Fund, Abbot Street, Dunfermline.

Playing Games on London Rooftops



A putting course on the roof of Adelaide House, with the Monument in the background



A game of netball on a caged-in roof at an LCC School

WHAT NEXT IN ABYSSINIA?

COUNTING THE GAINS AND LOSSES

The Shadow of Trouble Looming Before Mussolini

THEY THAT TAKE THE SWORD

The name Abyssinia means mixed, and if we could read the inner thoughts of Signor Mussolini about this strange country, now that his generals and engineers have spent some months in it and have reported on its difficulties, we think we should find them very mixed indeed.

In spite of the fact that his army has reached the capital and the native armies have apparently dissolved Italy can hardly be said to be master of Abyssinia, a land as suited to guerilla warfare as any in the world. Aeroplanes can do much, but the cost, especially in the rains which are so soon to begin, will be enormous. Already far-sighted Italians must be wondering if their success is worth while.

Difficult Transport

Most of the country is unsuitable for European settlement, and particularly for a race not used to the rare mountain air. So scored are Abyssinia's plateaus with deep gorges that transport will be no more easy by modern methods than by the primitive methods which have served for thousands of years. Water transport is practically unknown.

Another disadvantage for so big a land is the lack of outlet to the sea. Hitherto three-quarters of Abyssinia's trade with the world has passed through Jibuti in French Somaliland. Sun-scorched Massawa will have to be its only port on the Red Sea, while the ports on the Indian Ocean are far from the fertile districts and have as yet been of little value to Italian Somaliland.

Railway and Roads

So difficult is the country through which the Italian Army has marched that it will be years before the railway can be built from Addis Ababa to Asmara, while it must be remembered that the new roads have been made for a dry-weather campaign and it remains to be seen what the rains will do to them.

What will happen when the army of half a million returns home? They can hardly stay, for no food is being produced in Abyssinia. Will Italy find herself with a burden such as Morocco was for so long to Spain? Lord Roberts entered Pretoria in 1900 and everyone thought the South African War was over, but resistance did not end for nearly two costly years. Italy, almost bankrupt, cannot stand a guerilla campaign, which is highly probable with the wild races among the mountains. She has already 2000 miles of communications to guard.

Rights of France and Britain

Should the League fail France and this country are certain to assert their rights, based on old treaties. The French Government finances the Jibuti Railway, and the British are interested in Lake Tana and the Sudanese trading station of Gambela. Japan, too, has special trading interests which she will not willingly forego.

But the most difficult problem Mussolini will soon be facing will be in Italy itself. Sanctions have ruined the normal trade of the country, but the workers have been kept from starvation by work on munitions. Even if sanctions were removed trade would be slow in recovery, while thousands of disbanded soldiers will now be returning to civil life with no work to do. In the five years before the war the Budget deficit amounted to £270,000,000; what it is today is not revealed, but the League

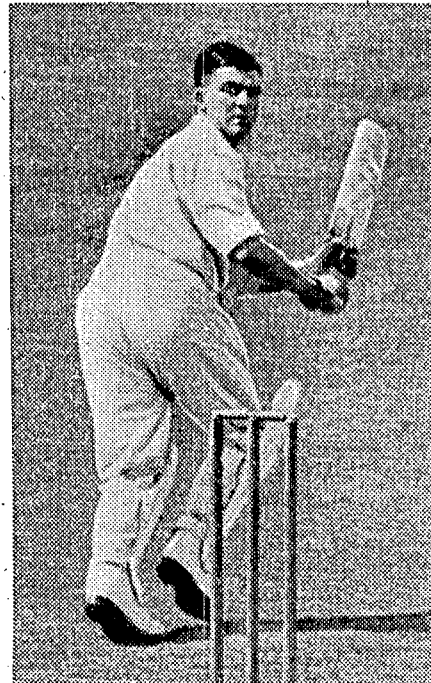
CRADLE OF CAPTAINS

A Look at Notts

Few county cricket teams have such a record of leadership as Notts, ancient home of our national game.

During the last fifty years they have had four of the most notable captains. First there was J. A. Dixon, who captained the team which (including Gunn, Shrewsbury, Barnes, Flowers, Attewell, and Sherwin) provided England with a large measure of her forces for her combats with Australia.

Next came A. O. Jones, glorious hitter and with Ranji the greatest of all slip fielders. He captained England. Following came the redoubtable Arthur Carr, another England captain, who could score his century while many men were playing themselves in. With



G. F. H. Heane

his retirement the bottom seemed about to fall out of Notts cricket, but the hour brought the man.

Last season it was a youngster named G. F. H. Heane who signalled his appearance in county cricket by earning a place in that most delightful of matches Gentlemen v Players. He seems to have begun again where he left off, going from strength to strength, for The Times says of a recent display of his that he is a great batsman, a splendid fieldsman at cover-point, a wise judge of the needs of the situation, and obviously has his side well together.

That will be good news to all followers of the game. Notts have been playing county cricket for 77 years; their immortal George Parr started international games by taking an English team to America in 1859.

Champion county on 14 occasions, they are generally the only people seriously to challenge the supremacy of Yorkshire and Lancashire. Many counties play splendid cricket, but this long succession of famous captains is a matter of which the county has reason to be greatly proud.

Continued from the previous column

has stated that Italy has parted with nearly half the £75,000,000 of the gold she held last October.

For her own recovery and for the development of her overseas territory Italy must have money, and there are few nations likely to lend it to her. Bankruptcy as well as disgrace stares Mussolini in the face, for shining sword has never yet cut the knot of bankruptcy, nor can poison gas save any nation from disaster. They that take the sword shall perish with the sword, and they that take to poison gas shall live or die in infamy.

SIGN OR BE SHOT The "Civiliser's" Way With the Red Cross TERRIBLE ADVENTURE OF A DOCTOR

The terrible experiences of a Polish doctor who served in the Abyssinian Red Cross are now on record at Geneva.

Dr M. S. Belau was captured with his ambulance by Italian Blackshirts near Makale. His captors wished to shoot him on the spot, but their officer took him and his staff to their divisional quarters, where officers rained blows on them and chained them together. Soon after he was placed against a wall in front of a firing squad, but the execution was stopped and he was taken to Makale to be questioned, being told that if he did not speak well of Italy even Marshal Badoglio could not save his life.

Three times during the next night he was led away to be shot because he would not sign a paper denying the bombing of the Red Cross at Dessie. In the morning Dr Belau was sent by lorry to Massawa, where he was put in the criminal prison for three days. Delirious from pain and lack of food and water, he was removed to hospital, where an official visited him with an ultimatum that if he did not sign the paper he would be shot. To save his life he signed, and was then taken to Rome, where he was set free to make his way, penniless and a nervous wreck, to Geneva. There the full story of this barbarism by Mussolini's civilising army is filed in the Red Cross archives.

A NEW CATHEDRAL BEGINS To Rise

Where a wooden cross on a hilltop above Guildford has for three years broken the skyline the cathedral which is to follow it has now been begun.

Workmen are digging deep into the soil for the foundations, and slowly following out the paths leading to the 100-foot summit of Stag Hill. Not till late July will the Archbishop of Canterbury lay the foundation-stone, but already as in a vision we can see the worshippers passing upward along these tree-lined Pilgrim's Ways to the main and south doors of the new house of God.

When it is all finished the cathedral's tower will rise 200 feet above the hill, a beacon to be seen from every other hill of Surrey. Two thousand people will be able to worship in it when

through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault the pealing anthem sounds the song of praise.

But it will be three years from now before the first portion of Surrey's new cathedral, the second to be begun since the war, will be consecrated.

AN ISLAND'S THOUSAND YEARS

With Osca Island, now for sale, goes the tale of Saxon days.

On this islet off the Essex coast three Saxon serfs guarding 60 sheep at pasture dwell with a fisherman for company. The fishing was good, and the islet, where there is little tide, lies sheltered in Blackwater estuary, with Maldon's ancient thorough five miles away.

It was a goodly possession, and at the conquest a nephew of the Conqueror took it by grant. From his heirs it went over to the prospering Bouchier family, who continued to hold it for centuries and became earls of Essex in Edward the Fourth's day.

After these lords it faded away from history, till it was bought just after the Boer War by Mr F. N. Charrington for peaceful social schemes, and then woked new life in the last war as a base for coastal boats.

THE ARMY THAT WENT HOME HURRIEDLY Its Buried Treasure Comes To Light THOUSANDS OF COINS IN AN IRON BOX

418 A.D. This year the Romans collected all the treasures that were in Britain, and some they hid in the earth, so that no one has since been able to find them; and some they carried with them into Gaul.

So runs our precious Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, giving us nearly all the early history we have of our land (except Bede's), from the dawn of the Christian era down to 1154, the year Henry the Second ascended the throne to begin his struggle with Thomas Becket.

So securely did the Romans hide their treasure that for 1500 years we have been finding it piecemeal, and the latest harvest from the unseen has just occurred at Dorchester, which was the Roman city of Durnovaria.

Here has come to light an astonishing collection of 20,000 coins, revealed by a workman excavating foundations for a house. An iron box was packed with thousands of the coins, a second heap filling a bronze bowl, by which lay a beautiful urn of the same metal. All the coins were of the third century, and had been in circulation over a hundred years before they were buried.

Recalled To Rome

The burial of Roman treasures in England followed the summons of the legions to Rome to stem the invasion by the barbarians of the Eternal City. No one dreamed that the army, sailing from the island of which they had been masters and owners for four centuries, would never return to their British wives and children, to their temples, their villas, their baths, their earthly treasures. They buried their money and precious vessels, intending to come back when the trouble at home had been disposed of.

But Rome was falling; the empire of the Caesars was in decay and dissolution, and the legions came no more to the land they had ruled.

Dorchester has been rich in finds, with its Roman amphitheatre, its share of Maiden Castle, its fine floors, its coins, and, above all, a pathetic discovery in the garden of Fordington vicarage close by, which proves to have been a Roman cemetery. There one much-beloved Roman, whose head has been found, had a coin placed in his mouth to pay Charon the fare for ferrying him over the Styx, the river of the dead.

JEREMIAH'S FATHER His Seal Found in the Market Square

Joshua encamped against Lachish and smote it with the edge of the sword, leaving none within it.

Sennacherib, King of Assyria, came down upon the city like the wolf from the fold. Nebuchadnezzar the Second came from Babylon and destroyed it as he destroyed Jerusalem.

All this is told again by the discoveries of the excavators who are now encamped among the foundations of the ancient Bible city.

In a rock tomb are 600 skeletons of the men who fell before the Assyrian cohorts gleaming in purple and gold.

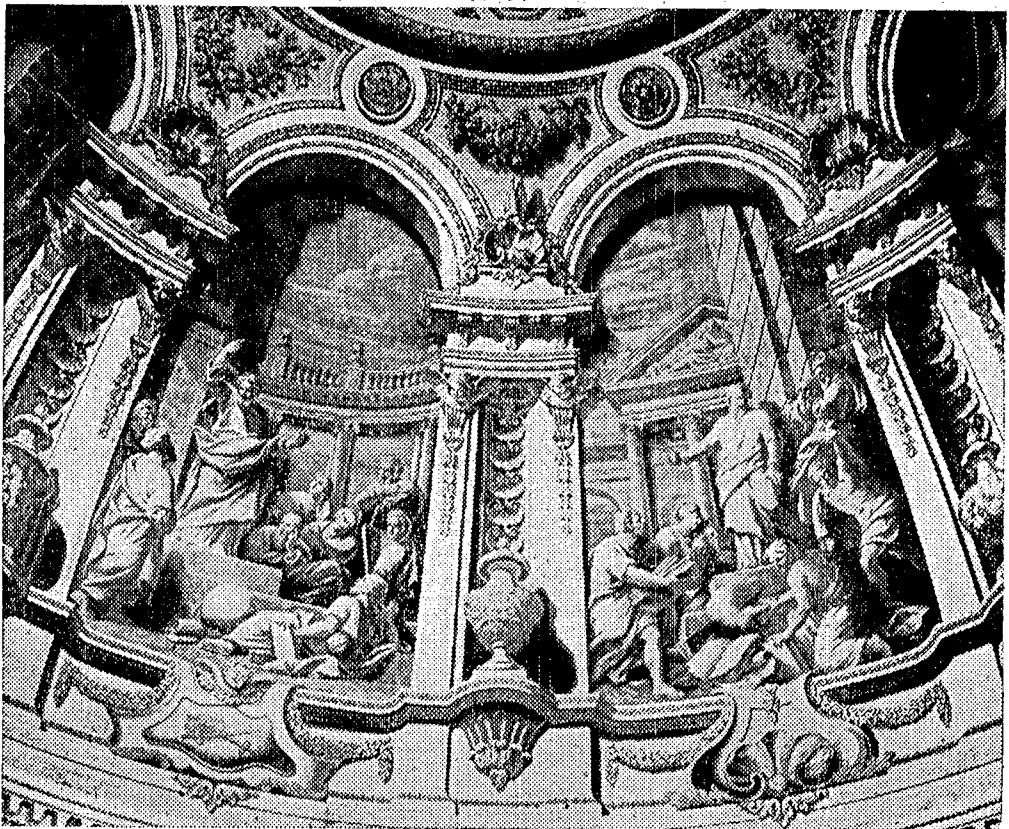
In what was the market square of the city when Nebuchadnezzar stormed it a seal has now been found inscribed "Hilkiah the son of Maas." Hilkiah was the name of the father of the prophet Jeremiah who bewailed the fall of Jerusalem in the reign of Zedekiah.

About 1500 opera-glasses are stolen from the automatic machines in theatres every year.

The Tower and the Dome—In and Out



The midday break in the Victoria Tower Gardens at Westminster



Paintings in the dome of St Paul's clearly revealed after a long process of cleaning

OUR OLDEST COLONY

New Hope in Newfoundland

THE GOOD WORK OF THE GOVERNMENT OF SIX

We are now able to continue the lamentable story of Newfoundland, the oldest British colony, which resigned self-government as a Dominion in 1934 because of her desperate economic position.

That position was mitigated by the enterprise of the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company, which exploited the magnificent timber and other resources of the island, but the main causes of trouble remained. They may be summed up in the decline of the fishing industry and the gross mismanagement of public affairs.

Ten Pounds Reward

Newfoundland is a big territory, for the island is over 300 miles in length and breadth and has an area of nearly 43,000 square miles. It is splendidly watered, a third of its surface being lakes and rivers. Its temperature is modified by the Gulf Stream and in some parts frost is rarely known. There is great mineral wealth, coal, iron, copper, nickel, asbestos, and gold being produced. These facts make the position of Newfoundland all the more remarkable when we remember that John Cabot discovered it as long ago as 1497, Henry the Seventh rewarding him for a brave enterprise with *ten pounds*!

Newfoundland has for two years been in Commission. A Government of six members, appointed by the British Crown, has superseded Dominion status; the Newfoundlanders no longer govern themselves. The Commissioners have worked great good. They have drastically reformed the Civil Service and made the railways solvent. Iron ore has been shipped to England; it is of excellent quality.

An Uncertain Industry

Greater problems are being tackled. Still a fourth of the population is on public relief, for the staple industry, the fisheries, remains in trouble. The cod fishery in Newfoundland suffers like the herring industry here at home. It seems clear that Newfoundland cannot prosper while she depends so largely upon what is uncertain. The world at large is not buying cod as of old. When the catch is good the sales remain unremunerative.

The new Government has done much for the fishermen, especially in promoting the production and sale of by-products, from cod-liver-oil to fish-meal.

Beyond this is the development of the land. In the old days land settlement was foolishly forbidden by law and Newfoundland came to regard herself as mainly a fishing station. Such a well-watered island should have a thriving agriculture, and the Commissioners are wisely and successfully promoting land settlement. One cannot grow corn in the island, but there is ample scope for the breeding of cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry.

C N POSTER STAMPS

The four Poster Stamps given with this week's C N enable readers to fill in the blank spaces for Bexhill, York, Southport, and Cleethorpes in the British Railways Album. Thus the series of 40 stamps requires only four more to become complete.

The remaining four will be given with next week's C N, in which will also appear an announcement of new C N competitions.

Please give your newsagent an order to deliver the C N regularly.

London Bridge is to be repaved with blocks of British Columbian pine.

A GREAT EVENT NOW TAKING PLACE

Triumph Out of Persecution

A GREAT event is taking place in the history of that gifted race to which we owe our noblest ideals, and many of us scarcely realise it is happening.

It is one of the most magnificent stories of our age, showing how a persecuted people can build up a world-wide organisation that will not only help them to triumph over adversity, but will build a better life for their children than any they have known themselves.

Jewish eyes began to turn toward Palestine again with the beginning of this century. So far £10,000,000 has been spent in remaking their homeland, educating Jews to new ways of life, and helping them emigrate. Rarely in history has £10,000,000 been contributed with a finer sense of loyalty or laid out with a more far-reaching vision.

Help From All Over the World

With the passing of Hitler's Nuremberg laws, destroying the civil liberties of the Jews in Germany, a new chapter opens. World Jewry answers the challenge by a decision to raise £3,000,000 and, in the next four years, to help 100,000 young German Jews settle in lands where they can hope for a reasonable future.

England's share of this fund is £1,000,000. A large part of this has already been promised by three wealthy families who desire to be anonymous.

Sir Neill Malcolm is High Commissioner of Refugees from Germany for the League of Nations, succeeding Mr J. G. McDonald, who resigned in December. It is his task to arrange the legal status of these refugees and to provide them with some sort of passports until the League's Assembly meets in September and decides on a definite policy. Raising the funds and arranging the emigration remain entirely in the hands of the private organisations the Jews have founded to help their kindred in distress.

Jews in 18 countries have contributed in an organised way toward the new Youth Emigration from Germany to Palestine. Jewish women in 44 countries keep up the special training activities for girls in Palestine, groups in Canada, Rumania, and Argentina being responsible for their own farm schools, where over 500 girls have already been trained as land girls.

These women's organisations do an enormous amount of good in the new settlements, where they have founded Baby Welfare Stations, Day Nurseries, Kindergartens, Playgrounds, and have had 8000 children taught gardening and 2,400 women trained in household science. Their perseverance and faith have helped to transform stony deserts and thistle fields into a wonderland of blossom and fruit. Of the total spendings of

£10,000,000 these women's activities have used £150,000 in 12 years.

Two million pounds has gone toward developing agricultural settlements. The flourishing orange groves in the region of Jaffa are familiar to everyone, but the names of the successful experiments outside Jerusalem, Ataroth, and Kiryath Anavim, which supply the city with milk and farm products, are not so well known. Further development will be possible in this region as soon as a good supply of water is assured by the new Government scheme now under construction. The potash industry here can also be enlarged and more use made of the salt from the Dead Sea.

Looking forward to new life and growth, 3000-year-old Jerusalem has installed a system of drains. This cost the Zionist funds £10,000. The Jews in Jerusalem, about half the whole population, maintain 30 schools, a home for the aged, a school for the blind, several orphan homes, a Hebrew university, and what is believed to be the biggest Jewish library in the world.

Much has been done, but much remains to be done. "The desolated hills of Jerusalem still await the labour of pioneers," an enthusiast says. "They await the return of Jewish settlers to cultivate their soil, to rebuild their fallen terraces, to revive their water sources, to replant them with forest trees as in ancient times, and to pave the way for the coming mass migration to the New Jerusalem."

The Children's Adventure

But this mass migration must be carefully prepared. The most moving chapter in the whole magnificent story of the triumph of the Jews over their new adversity is the one that tells of 800 children going forth from Germany to take up a new life in a new land.

More than half of them are children of business and professional men for whom there is no future in the land of their birth. These children, selected and trained for agriculture and handicrafts, leave Germany in groups to take up a new life in a new land and in a new language, far from their parents.

Places are made ready for them in 20 training centres. Over 800 have gone to Palestine already, and from now onwards 800 a year is the number aimed at. In the final summing-up, when all the suffering and heartache and misery are forgotten, it may well appear that the worst thing that ever happened to Germany and the best thing that ever happened to German Jewry was the persecution that turned the face of Jewish Youth toward new forms of life and new hope. What is taking place in Palestine today is a marvellous thing, and will make a stirring chapter in the history of our times.

Closing the Doors of Our Prisons

THE Prison Commissioners have issued a report on prisons during King George's reign, when 30 prisons were actually closed in 25 years.

Over the door of the Old Bailey is written that one of the tasks of Justice is to punish the wrongdoer. In King George's reign it became the prison's task to improve him—if it could.

It has been done by treating him, as far as can be, as a misguided human being rather than a public danger.

Solitary confinement, the curse of the old prison system because it poisoned the mind of the prisoner, has been abolished. There are periodical lectures and concerts. A news sheet is circulated weekly. In one prison the C N is given to every prisoner every Sunday.

Most important of all is a system of grown-up education. Last year 335 classes were attended by 7451 prisoners. There are libraries which now have books in them that prisoners can read

without going to sleep over them. The cells have been made to look less like dungeons. The broad arrow, the mark of shame, has disappeared from the prisoner's dress.

Oakum-picking has followed or is following it, and instead of sorting wool prisoners are employed in workshops in ever increasing numbers. There are power looms at Wakefield, a first-class printing shop at Maidstone, classes for laundry work at Wandsworth.

At Wakefield the experiment was begun three years ago of sending out 50 carefully selected prisoners daily to clear and cultivate a site of 74 acres. This year it is proposed to establish a camp there. The prisoners will stay on the allotments from Monday to Friday. This is one of the many ways in which the new prisons will try to bring their inmates into contact with a new life. The selected men will be the freed-men of the prison.

CURIOSITY OF THE FILM VOICE

Deception at the Kinema

One of the pities of the film is the obvious absurdity of it at times.

A race is never run at its proper speed, and the whole illusion of reality is often thrown away by the ridiculous rate at which things move. Another thing so often wrong is that a powerful voice has clearly no relation to the source from which it is supposed to come. A correspondent sends us these notes on this subject.

The glorification of film stars to the eye by photography is matched by the magnification of small voices into marvellous tenors and sopranos.

We are not to suppose that the thrilling voice of Mr X or Miss Z has in reality anything like the power that is heard in the picture-house.

It seems that in producing musical films the singer goes through his part singing quietly, moving his mouth moderately, so that the film is deprived of the unlovely magnification of the mouth.

Afterwards the singer goes through his singing part in a projection room, timing himself to the film as first made, but now singing out in full volume. If necessary he can sing a line over and over again to get it right, the good bits being joined up to make a fine whole.

Then comes the magnification. The sound-engineer can develop the voice in point of volume but not of quality. If the voice is small and agreeable he can make it big and still agreeable.

It is one of the advantages of the film that some important part of a production can be recorded repeatedly until it is thought satisfactory. A finished film really means the joining-up of pieces selected from a multitude of efforts.

A MISERABLE WORLD'S GOLD

The Nations and Their Hoards

The most remarkable thing about the world's gold-mining is the continued advance of Russia.

She mined 5,650,000 fine ounces last year, against 4,263,000 in 1934, and is now easily the second best producer. The leaders now are: South Africa 10,774,000; Russia 5,650,000; Canada 3,290,000; United States 3,115,000. Australia follows a long way after with 895,000. The world as a whole produced 30,500,000 fine ounces, or a tenth more than in 1934.

The reserves of gold held by the nations to back their paper money are very variable. We give figures as they stood at the close of last year. America leads with £1227,000,000; France is second with £533,742,000; the British Empire is third with £300,500,000. Then follow Belgium with £71,000,000, Holland with £53,100,000, Japan with £51,600,000. All the world's treasuries are said to have £2719,000,000.

The American gold reserve continues to swell. It actually increased by £227,000,000 last year, yet America remains in deep depression and has millions in poverty.

123

52,909 new motor vehicles were registered in March, the highest monthly total on record.

115,800 lbs of air-mail left England in the first three months of this year.

14,760,415 tourists from U.S.A. visited Canada last year.

£6,812,785 was paid to subsidise wheat-growing in this country in the year ended last July.

£9,212,642 was the expenditure of the Metropolitan Police for the year ended March.

VEGA & ARCTURUS

Singular Stages in a Sun's Life

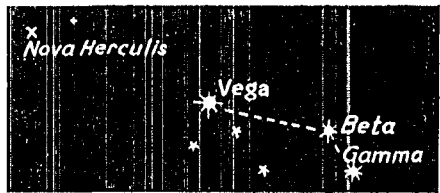
THE SEPARATING STARS OF NOVA HERCULIS

By the C N Astronomer

The brilliant star Vega may now be seen high up in the east of an evening, outshining the golden Arcturus, which is away to the right.

At a distance of 1,710,000 times that of our Sun, Vega appears a brighter star than Arcturus, which is 2,600,000 times farther than our Sun, though actually Arcturus, owing to its colossal area of surface, radiates nearly 100 times more light than our Sun as compared with 51 times radiated by Vega.

The surface of Vega, composed chiefly of a swirling mass of white-hot clouds of incandescent hydrogen with flaming metallic vapours beneath, averages about 11,000 degrees Centigrade. The upper layers of Arcturus are composed



The position of Vega relative to Nova Herculis, now invisible to the naked eye

of much more rarefied belts of fiery vapours at a duller yellowish heat of about 4200 degrees; our Sun by comparison averages between 5500 and 6000 degrees surface temperature.

Arcturus is, as it were, boiling up to the intensely heated stage of Vega, while our Sun is boiling down from that of Vega to a simmering stage ere becoming a red-hot liquid-surfaced mass.

Arcturus, which is about 20,000 times the size of our Sun, possesses only about eight times the amount of material, or mass, of our Sun, whereas Vega, calculated to be little more than a dozen times the size of the Sun, possesses something like three times as much material, or mass. From interferometer measurements Arcturus has been found to possess a diameter of about 23,300,000 miles, or 27 times that of the Sun, while Vega, from calculations based upon its known absolute magnitude and radiation, has a diameter only about two and a half times greater than the Sun.

That Arcturus should take up 20,000 times more space for only eight times more material than our Sun is due to the fact that Arcturus is in a late intermediate stage between that of a vast revolving and glowing nebula and a concentrated whirling mass of matter.

A Stellar Catastrophe

A little way to the left of Vega, in the position indicated on the star-map, occurred the stellar catastrophe first observed here in December 1934. It was known as Nova Herculis, the so-called New Star. A prolonged study of its spectrum and numerous measurements have shown it to be an old star to which something explosive happened on a colossal scale about 1600 years ago; this being the time its light has taken to reach us. The light of Arcturus takes about 41 years and Vega's 27 years.

From long observation and micrometer measurements spread over many months at the Yerkes Observatory Mr G. van Biesbroeck has shown that the two stars which appear to have resulted from the outburst have continued to separate at a speed approaching 200 miles a second; but he is of opinion that this represents material erupted from the original star, which at present is invisible. If so, this material composing the two stars must have travelled nearly 8000 million miles, or nearly three times the distance of Neptune, during the sixteen months since the outburst was first noted.

G. F. M.

The Cookhouse

By Our Town Girl

"Everybody has been wonderful," says Miss Faithfull, explaining the experiment in providing sound food at low prices which she has opened at Lyon House, Earl Street, Marylebone.

"The Borough Council has been sympathetic, the Housing Association has helped, our customers forgive our faults. Marylebone, you know, is the best borough in London." Certainly Marylebone has the best Cookhouse.

Such a delicious dinner! There was steak pie, or beef curry with rice, with well-cooked potatoes and peas. That was sixpence. For those who could spend twopence more there was the choice between a fine spotted dick or a creamy rice pudding; and for those who were as hungry as bears there was a good soup to begin with at a penny. A whole nourishing meal in a bright pretty place for ninepence!

A Boon To Busy Mothers

But you must not all go there tomorrow; there are only three tables, for this is not really a restaurant but a Cookhouse. It is meant for the people who live in the neighbourhood to come with their dishes and take the food home with them at meal-time.

In working-class neighbourhoods, where many a mother has to go out by the day, the family meals suffer in consequence. Where money is short many a good dish is out of the question because it takes too long to cook. Where space is cramped other good dishes are apt to be ruled out because the cooking is a nuisance. Variety suffers, there is too much reliance on the simple tin opener, and a nation's health suffers in consequence. What a boon to a busy mother, be it wash-day or a plain day, to set bread and plates on the table and send her Jack and her Jill to the Cookhouse for hot meat and two well-cooked vegetables! For a family of four that is two shillings. Then put the cheese and the dates and the oranges on, and it is a meal for a king.

Special Dishes By Request

Or consider the man in the top flat. His wife is an invalid. She longs more than anything else for a custard pudding—one made out of real eggs and real milk; nothing imitation about it. It is tricky to make, and he is not much of a cook, but there is the Cookhouse! They are delighted to make special dishes by request.

The Cookhouse has been equipped by a private fund, and it has money enough to run for nine months as an experiment. By the end of that time it must pay its own way or close down. Expenses include foodstuffs, rent, heat, light, and wages of cook and caterer. Other help for the present is voluntary.

An Experiment To Be Watched

As the Cookhouse is run as a non-profit venture it strives not to compete with other caterers in the neighbourhood. It serves no fried fish, for example, not because it does not think fish an excellent food, but because there is a fried fish shop opposite. For a similar reason it serves no afternoon teas. It does not want to take food from anyone's mouth, but merely to put food in: merely to show that large-scale shopping and expert cookery at a central kitchen can provide better food for less trouble and no more expense than can be supplied by the individual household.

When this has been demonstrated in a practicable way it is hoped that a new housing scheme will be put in hand without provision for a certain amount of centralised cooking, and the experiment is therefore one that should be carefully watched, for it may have wide social consequence.

To C N Motorists

Do Not Buy Petrol
From Ugly Stations

THE GREY SEAL OF

CORNWALL

A Persecuted Animal

That splendid creature of the sea the grey seal, which comes to our wilder western coast and islands to find a nursery for its young, is under the fire of people who deny wild creatures the right to live.

Ten years ago those sturdy grumblers the Cornish fishermen were being ruined, they declared, by cormorants, so they paid a shilling a head for every cormorant killed. Now they think they are being ruined by seals, and must have the seals killed too.

An agitation for slaughter always stirs excitement in those to whom a little licensed killing crowns a holiday, and Cornishmen have found ready sympathisers and helpers in their campaign among tourists who enliven their pleasures by shooting seals.

Fortunately two men of weight in natural history, Lord Onslow and Mr Julian Huxley, have spoken up in time before the new holiday season begins, and the seal may be saved. They point out that our total seal population numbers only about 9000, and that their density in Cornish waters cannot exceed three or four to the mile.

The Balance of Nature

Moreover, the diet of the seal is mainly conger and dogfish, which have the least value in our markets. We grudge the seals the few fish they eat, yet throw away thousands of fishes because the price is low.

Again and again it has been proved that when we upset the balance of Nature ill results follow. The seals may prove a beneficial check on fish which devour those sought for market; as Australia found their birds a few years ago. Killing off the cormorants of the Murray River swamps in the belief that the birds were spoiling the fishery, they found the fishery still deteriorating, only to discover, when the cormorants had been thinned down almost to vanishing point, that they lived mainly on eels and crabs, and that it was the eels and crabs that ate the eggs and young fish of the river which men sought to preserve for their own food.

WHAT ARE COAL ROYALTIES WORTH?

The nation is to buy the nation's coal from the landowners. That is settled. What is not settled is the price.

It is understood that the landlords ask £150,000,000. The Treasury valuers believe that a figure nearer £100,000,000 would be fair.

It should be understood that this money would buy only the landowner interest, the coal itself, upon which the mining companies pay a royalty of so much a ton.

The landlords now lease their coal to some 1500 companies, who work about 3000 mines. When the coal is bought by the State the companies will pay royalty to the Treasury. It is hoped that the Treasury will be able to help the proper organisation of coal-getting.

It has been said of the present system that the engineer has to sink his shafts where the leases compel him to work. Add that each landlord demands a party wall of coal to separate his coal from other people's coal, and we get a serious picture of waste. These party walls are known as barriers, and are often 150 feet or more in thickness. So masses of coal are year by year abandoned for ever.

With regard to the pumping of water, an important factor in coalmining, it is difficult or impossible to arrange a central system in areas controlled by many separate proprietors, and this again leads to waste.

With the Government as landlord it should be possible to remedy these evils.



"Lots better than milk, Mummy"

CHILDREN who dislike milk look upon it as something quite different when 'Ovaltine' is added. For 'Ovaltine' not only transforms milk into a really delicious beverage, but the special properties of 'Ovaltine' make the milk digestible and much more nourishing.

In every way, 'Ovaltine' is the perfect food beverage for children. It supplies proteins to form firm flesh; mineral salts and calcium to build strong bones and teeth; organic phosphorus for sound nerves; carbohydrates in their most assimilable form for energy in work and play, and the necessary vitamins for health.

Thus 'Ovaltine' provides all the nutritive elements required for building up robust health and vitality. For these reasons make 'Ovaltine' your children's regular daily beverage. But, be sure it is 'Ovaltine'—there is nothing "just as good."

OVALTINE

For Energy and Robust Health

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.

P.173a

Every Boy and Girl
should join the
League of Ovaltineys

THOUSANDS have joined and are having great fun with the secret highsigns, signals and code. Write for official Rule-book and details to the Chief Ovaltiney, Dept. 31, 184, Queen's Gate, London, S.W.7.

THE GIRAFFE THAT WOULD NOT BEND

Trials of a Circus

From a New York Correspondent

One of our New York readers has been to the circus there and sends us these notes about it.

This year a special feature of the big circus at Madison Garden has been the pygmy people, tiny Lilliputians who walk about in their spare time with jaunty airs among the tremendous traffic.

These little folk seem to be very much attracted by the five and ten cent stores, and spend hours there making purchases. They are so small, however, that the assistants cannot see them over the counters, so when a Lilliputian is considering his purchase the girl has to come to the front of the counter to serve him.

The circus people have their troubles. The worst one this time was a giraffe which was being taken in a lorry through the tunnel under the Hudson River separating New Jersey from New York. The tunnel is nearly three miles long and very low, and the lady giraffe refused positively to lower her head at the entrance. The attendants had to try all sorts of tricks to get her to bend, but they were there arguing from eight in the morning till half-past eight at night before she would bend low enough to get in the tunnel.

This delicate animal can only be transported at the rate of a mile an hour, and she was obliged to stoop in this undignified position for three hours.

TRAFFIC SIGNALS

The Signwriter's Slips

It would seem to us one of the most desirable things to train the public to respect for traffic signs, and it is of some importance that these signs should be drawn up with care.

London has seen two that can only be considered as signwriter's slips.

One has luckily disappeared. It was set up by the A.A. outside St George's Hospital telling motorists to turn left where they should turn right. For months this A.A. sign misguided traffic, saying *Left* while all the cars turned right, and it was at last removed. But the second signwriter's slip is still in operation at Trafalgar Square, outside St Martin's-in-the-Fields. It is perhaps the least fortunate of all the traffic experiments in London, for it is one of the few pedestrian lights, and says *Don't Cross* and *Cross Now*.

It is almost incredible that day after day the light is at *Don't Cross* while people cross in crowds, and it would be far better to remove the signal than to keep it there to be treated with contempt. It is wrongly timed.

THE MARSH GIVES UP ITS SECRET

After more than ten years Dolgarrog Marsh has given up a secret.

It is long since Mr and Mrs Crossley Colley, wishing to make some gift to the little church they loved, bestowed on Dolgarrog Church a brass pulpit lectern. Quite glorious it looked, polished by loving hands, and gleaming in the sunshine streaming through the church windows on summer days.

In November 1925 came the Conway Valley dam disaster, when 16 people lost their lives, and Dolgarrog Church was swept away in the night. Only huge rocks, washed down by the torrent, stand where the church once stood, but a few years ago a new church was built on another site.

After the disaster the only church fittings found were the font and a reading-desk; but the other day Mr Robert Roberts discovered a queer object in a ditch on Dolgarrog Marsh. It proved to be the lectern!

WHAT HAPPENED ON YOUR BIRTHDAY

If it is Next Week

May 24. Lanfranc died at Canterbury	1089
25. Emerson born at Boston, U.S.A.	1803
26. Samuel Pepys died at Clapham	1703
27. John Calvin died at Geneva	1564
28. Thomas Moore born at Dublin	1779
29. Sir Humphry Davy died at Geneva	1829
30. Joan of Arc burned at Rouen	1431

Pepys, the Diary Man

Though Samuel Pepys died 233 years ago he is as well known as almost any man who is alive today. Born in 1633 in a house which stood not far from the C.N. office, he was a clerk in the Admiralty in the reign of Charles the Second, and for about ten years he kept a diary in shorthand, telling in a plain, quaint way what he did and saw and thought every day.

But in 1825 his shorthand was deciphered, and the diary is printed for



Samuel Pepys calls on his fellow diarist John Evelyn

everyone to read. It gives the most faithful picture we have of the life of that period.

Pepys lived for 33 years after his diary was ended, and became very successful. He was Secretary to the Admiralty and President of the Royal Society; and was comfortably well off. No man of his day knew so much about the Navy.

But he lives still as a writer who, while talking candidly to himself in shorthand, reveals to us the scenes and men and thoughts of a vanished age.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. for May 1911

The Day When War Shall Flee Away. Peace and arbitration are in the air. Between 1899 and 1910 over 100 permanent arbitration treaties, preventing war, were agreed upon by various nations, and in time arbitration courts, and not the absurd and infamous battlefield, should be the universal court of appeal between all peoples and nations.

MISS ELECTRIC CELL

Maid-of-All-Work

Moscow has found a new task for that maid-of-all-work the photo-electric cell. It works the escalators of the underground railway.

All must have noted such escalators working with not a passenger on them. This does not often happen, but when it does, at the slack hours of the day, power is unnecessarily used up. The photo-electric cell can stop it.

On one side of the escalator is a small projector throwing a bundle of rays across the lowest step to a sensitive cell on the other side. As soon as a passenger puts his foot on the step his body intercepts the rays, and the photo-electric cell signifies the fact to an electric current, which signals to the escalator to get to work.

It is timed to run for about half a minute and then to stop unless another passenger has stepped on to it.

THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE STREETS

New Lighting System

Bridlington is to burst into the national colours (red, white, and blue) this summer.

A new system of street lighting is to add to the gaiety of the summer illuminations. In roads where there are trees the lamps will be red because red penetrates the shade better. The principal thoroughfares will be blue-lit because the town's electricity committee believe this will produce a daylight effect and give greater safety.

In time all the streets will be illuminated by blue lamps, and visitors to Bridlington will be able to tell the electricity committee what effect the lighting has on their complexions. In several London suburbs streets are now lit by bluish-green lamps which produce shades not entirely becoming.

WHY THE ACADEMY IS CLOSED ON SUNDAY

Often has the C.N. wondered why the Royal Academy could not be opened on Sundays.

Sir William Llewellyn tells why. *It has no seats.*

There are some seats where a visitor may pause to look at his catalogue and try to catch a glimpse between the bodies of other visitors of the pictures in front of him, but there is no charge for them, and that is the Academy's difficulty.

Unless the Academy can put a price on its seats it cannot charge for admission on Sunday, and the President says the Academy is too poor to let people in free on that day.

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

The ants provide an interesting study for any who take trouble to watch them. On Tuesday next Mr Richard Morse is to tell us something of their life.

The usual Wednesday broadcasts on British History and Biology will not take place next week.

On Friday next week a special broadcast to schools will be transmitted from the Queen Mary in mid-ocean. Listeners will learn how ship-to-shore communications are established.

The Friday Talk will be by the driver of the engine of an express train. He will tell his listeners something about his experiences and about his job.

England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 The Flower Border: by F. W. Costin. 2.30 Music, Course 1—(a) The Semi-quaver; (b) The Scale of C major: by Ernest Read.

TUESDAY, 11.30 Leisure: by Stephen King-Hall. 2.5 Watching the Ants: by Richard Morse. 2.30 Poetry broadcast arranged by Leila Davies.

WEDNESDAY, 11.30 French dialogue by E. M. Stéphan and Camille Vière.

THURSDAY, 11.30 Mountains and Plateaus of Tongking and Annam: by Ernest Young and Professor Charles Robequain, assisted by E. M. Stéphan. 2.5 The Pilgrimage of Grace—a Dramatic Interlude: by Hugh Ross Williamson. 2.30 East and West Face to Face—The British in India: by Eileen Power.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Outward Bound—A special broadcast from the Queen Mary. 2.30 Music, Course 2—Cadences (Revision Lesson): by Thomas Armstrong. 3.0 Friday Story. 3.15 Friday Talk. 3.35 Foreign Affairs: by Vernon Bartlett.

Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.5 The Empire Overseas—Beneath Equatorial Snows: by R. MacGeorge.

TUESDAY, 2.5 Scottish Minstrelsy—Henryson and Dunbar: by A. C. MacKenzie.

THURSDAY, 2.5 The Scottish Countryside—Inland Fishing: by W. J. M. Menzies. 2.30 As National.

FRIDAY, 2.5 As National. 3.35 As National.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards and sent to C.N. Question Box, John Carpenter House, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4, *one question on each card, with name and address.*

What is the Senior Boys Organisation?

The Boys Brigade, founded in 1883.

Why Has a Traction Engine Grooved Wheels?

To grip the surface of greasy roads.

What is the Cost of the League of Nations?

£2,000,000 a year, toward which our own country contributes about £190,000.

Are Any Comets Expected This Year?

D'Arrest's, discovered in 1851 and last seen in 1923, is due to return at the end of the year.

What is a Wyvern?

In heraldry a dragon-like monster with a beaked head, two legs with claws, and a tail which is sometimes coiled in a knot. Early examples show wings.

MUSSOLINI FORT AT THE GATE TO INDIA

Italy's Gibraltar on the Red Sea

While Mussolini's armies have been fighting their way to Addis Ababa his engineers have been building an island fortress at the gate to India. From this fortress could be sunk any ship entering or leaving the Red Sea by the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb.

This fortified island is named Dumeira, and it will be searched for in vain in most atlases; but it is shown on our Admiralty charts, where it forms a rocky islet just off the headland of the same name on the boundary line between Eritrea and French Somaliland. From its position on the chart, indeed, it would seem that France has as much a claim to it as Italy has.

The island is in the same relative position to the Red Sea as Gibraltar is to the Mediterranean, lying a mile or two beyond the narrowest part of the strait when approached from the Indian Ocean. Just as Gibraltar controls the 15-mile gap from the Atlantic into the Mediterranean, so a fortified Dumeira could control the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, the 15-mile gap from the Indian Ocean into the Red Sea.

Mussolini's new fort is not alone, for there has been for two generations a fortified coaling-station on Perim Island to the south-east of it, and in the narrowest part of the strait. Perim was garrisoned by British forces when, in 1799, Napoleon occupied Egypt, and when the Suez Canal was cut we fortified the island and placed it under the control of Aden, which lies 100 miles to the east. About a mile wide and three and a half miles long, Perim has a good harbour from 25 to 30 feet deep. Merchant ships visit it, not only for coal, but for water and ice—very precious commodities in this torrid region; and it is well guarded by the British Fleet.

See World Map

THE LITTLE HOUSE AFTER NEW YEAR'S DAY

The Minister of Health has decided that overcrowding is to become an offence from next New Year's Day.

The official circular is interesting as showing what is suggested as adequate room for a worker's family. Take a family of five—two adults and three children. The official view is that there should be at least three bedrooms with floor areas of 150, 100, and 80 square feet; and a living room of 180 square feet.

On some future day we expect (say in 1986) the social historian will take note of these dimensions and express wonder at the scale of our social conceptions! Possibly he will add a sarcastic comparison of the might and glory of our battleships and the meanness and modesty of our homes.

NOT ENOUGH SEAMEN

The latest shortage is one of seamen, says that naval expert Mr Hector Bywater.

He says the existing naval personnel would not suffice to put the British Navy as it is now on a war footing and that the Merchant Service has no great reserve of seamen to feed the Navy with.

When the British Navy is again expanded, therefore, a serious problem will arise, and it may become necessary to introduce some system of short service.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Dunedin	Dun-ee-din
Eritrea	Ay-re-tray-ah
Jibuti	Je-boo-te
Kwangtung	Kwang-toong
Lachish	Lay-kish
Perim	Pay-reem

LET US PLANT A TREE

What One Town is Doing

*I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.*

What would life be without the trees and the birds that make their homes in them?

Let us welcome a municipal law which has been enacted in Summerville, South Carolina. It makes all trees, by whomsoever owned, subject to the control and protection of the township. It runs:

It shall be unlawful for any person to injure or destroy any living tree or sapling within the corporate limits of the town except by permission of the Town Council.

The law is strictly enforced and no tree is destroyed unless to preserve other trees or unless it is dangerous.

The destruction of trees means not only the spoiling of beauty; it is an attack on climate, on soil, on real wealth.

Why should not every derelict piece of land in our country be planted with trees after the example of Major Orlando Jay Smith, a well-known American, who used to buy abandoned farms and make them beautiful? He imported the loveliest trees he could find, and with them redeemed many acres of man-made desolation.

A tree is the cheapest and most valuable purchase one can make. For five shillings we can buy a lovely flowering crab which will grow in new beauty year by year.

Ah! make what garden plot your eye may please.

But do not die till you have planted trees!

The Editor of the C N counts it one of his chief delights that he has planted a thousand.

AMERICA 50 YEARS BEHIND

The leader of the L C C, Mr Herbert Morrison, M.P., freshly home from a tour of the United States, declares that in housing the United States is at least 50 years behind Britain.

This severe verdict is justified by other observers. While the many films we get from America reveal again and again the luxurious flats of the rich, the masses of America are housed in conditions which would not be tolerated by our laws.

A competent observer who visited American industrial centres in the height of the trade boom after the war tells how he found the workers in a great steel works housed in mean streets running with black mud.

The poor streets of the big cities are lined with tall slummy apartment houses which command surprisingly high rents.

GOOD NEWS AND BETTER

Despite war and rumours of war British industry and trade continue to expand.

No longer are we to speak of two million unemployed. In April 10,712,000 insured persons were in work, 82,000 more than in March, and 371,000 more than in April last year.

1,831,230 persons were out of work, 50,301 fewer than in March. Of these 1,498,579 were wholly unemployed.

British steel has made a new and brilliant record, a million tons being produced in a month. This rate far exceeds pre-war output, and it is a sign of most valuable improvement.

Britain has now work for most of her people. Determined effort in the Distressed Areas would bring us near to work for all.

A BOAT OLDER THAN HISTORY

A prehistoric boat has been found at Sandwich in Kent.

Eight feet long and three feet wide, it is hollowed from a tree trunk.

Countless tides have risen and fallen century after century since the boat was last afloat, and the sea has receded half a mile from the place where it was found.



You can taste the Fruit in Rowntree's Gums & Pastilles

"Just like real fruit!" people say, when they taste any of the luscious fruit flavours in Rowntree's Gums and Pastilles. You'll find raspberry flavour—with strawberry and gooseberry, too—and lime, lemon, plum, blackcurrant, apricot, tangerine.

DON'T FORGET! Rowntree's Fruit Clear Gums (Hard) and Fruit Pastilles (Medium) are sold loose 6d. per ¼ lb.; in packets 2d., 3d. and 6d.
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FROM ALL STATIONERS & WALLPAPER DEALERS

THE SLEUTH DETECTOR

A Wireless Story

By John Mowbray

CHAPTER 23

Sir Pascal Pledges His Word

LOOKING blissfully ignorant of any unpleasantness, Meg tripped straight up to the magistrate. "How do you do, Mr Kitt?" she inquired. "And how is Karenina, please? And how's little Victor?"

The embarrassed man dismounted, and, beckoning to one of the grooms, he bade him walk the mare up and down till he wanted her. Then he cleared his throat and, "Thank you," he answered, "my family is very well. I wish that I could say the same thing of your brother."

Then, and then only, did Meg appear to be aware of Toby and Noel.

"Why, whatever's the matter, Mr Kitt?" she exclaimed.

"Well, I've just been catching a burglar and his accomplice."

This brought Noel to the forefront again. "No, no!" he burst out. "Toby Merritt had nothing to do with it, sir."

"Er—I wish I could agree with you there," declared Mr Kitt, who had cast his air of amusement as one casts a garment, and was growing more and more of the unbending magistrate. "But the fact remains that your brother helped this other lad to escape, and must have been cognisant beforehand of the attempt. And that is a very serious offence."

"Yes, I see," said Meg cheerfully. "Yes, I quite understand. Well, I was cog-what-you-call-it as well, Mr Kitt."

Her bombshell caused Mr Kitt to start with alarm. While Sir Pascal was resting his eyes on her glowing face with a thin, vindictive smile, the magistrate, with an uneasy glance toward the grooms, laid his hand on her shoulder and declared his conviction that she had had nothing to do with it.

"But I had!" she insisted. "And, what's more," she cried out, "Noel was right! Sir Pascal Lench brought it all on himself. He's a swindler!"

If she had taken a stone and flung it into his face she could not have created a bigger sensation. There was terrified silence, until Mr Kitt was heard clearing his throat. Then he spoke to Sir Pascal.

"I am sure I don't know," he was saying in a halting tone, "whether you care to take any notice of this young lady's—or—outbreak?"

Sir Pascal ignored him. A flush of colour showed in Mr Kitt's cheeks. He continued. "But seeing that it has been suggested so publicly that the lad Barling has—or—a grievance, it might be as well to dispose of that publicly also?"

"Not a muscle had moved all this time on Sir Pascal's smooth face."

"Mr Kitt," he answered now, in a cold, distant voice, "as I am in no way responsible for a silly child's tantrums I have nothing to say to her—except that I shall require her father to punish her."

Noel was pressing forward. "Will you let me tell you my reasons for breaking into The Towers, Mr Kitt?"

"Are you wise?" replied Mr Kitt. "Least said, soonest mended, my lad." And Sir Pascal, touching the magistrate on the arm, remarked, "He's admitted his theft, Kitt. Need we waste more time?"

"That depends on the lad, I think, Lench. He has a right to be heard, you know."

"But hardly just now, my dear Kitt," Sir Pascal suggested.

His cold and distant tone of a moment ago had annoyed Mr Kitt. Noel was also annoying him. "Barling," he said, "you've confessed, and you've landed yourself into trouble. But can't you see that if you were only playing a prank I might be able to overlook a good deal of it? So don't make your case worse by trying to fish up excuses."

But Noel's mind was resolved. "Will you hear me, sir?" he demanded.

"Oh, I must, if you insist," said the magistrate crossly.

So there on the roadside Noel came out with his story. "And," he explained at his finish, "I couldn't wait longer because I heard Noske promise Sir Pascal that he'd succeed today, sir. I would never have taken Sir Pascal's envelope otherwise. But I simply had to have it then for a hostage."

"Is that all, Barling?" Mr Kitt asked in a stiff tone.

"That's all, sir. It's true, sir."

"I need hardly ask you, Sir Pascal?" said Mr Kitt, smiling.

"No, you'd hardly wish to insult me," Sir Pascal said lightly. "For I never heard such moonshine in all my born days, Kitt!"

"Any evidence, Barling?" said Mr Kitt wearily.

"No, sir."

"Well, I'm sorry. You'd have been wiser not to have spoken."

Meg had interrupted again. "Mr Kitt, you know my father. You know that we're all of us straight at the Valley House."

"Oh, no need to tell me all that," he returned, with impatience.

"There is need. As you've admitted that we are straight, will you do me one favour?" she implored.

"What is it?"

"Will you give me just one chance to convince you that Noel Barling is speaking the truth?"

"Oh, nonsense—"

"But, Mr Kitt, it means everything, everything to him." She stepped close up to the magistrate, dropping her voice. "There! I'm not asking much!" she declared aloud at the end.

For a minute his shrewd eyes considered her. At last, with reluctance, he nodded. "But mind!" he pronounced. "I shall hold you strictly responsible for Barling. You give me your word of honour that he won't run away?"

"Oh, I promise that," she said gravely.

"All right!" Then Mr Kitt called for his horse and swung himself into the saddle. "Come on, Sir Pascal," he bade.

"We'll be getting along now. And on our way I'll tell you to what I've consented."

For some gaping rustics had added themselves to the company. "One—er—knows the family too well not to humour the lass, Lench," he grumbled, as they were riding.

They had left Noel and Toby impatiently gazing at Meg. Being anxious to hear how Noel had got on, she explained, she had gone to the meadow first thing, found no caravan, then heard that Mr Kitt and some of his men had been seen riding in the direction of Otterfell with Sir Pascal. "So I twigged whom they were after, and borrowed this outfit," she went on, with a smile, for her machine and oilskins; "and then I followed my nose as Sir Pascal's crowd did, for knowing what course you were steering one couldn't go wrong." She glanced toward the caravan which stood at the roadside. "I suppose Ambrose is having his rest."

Fetch him out when he's ready. I am pipping off. You follow on. And mind you're at the Valley House by sunset tomorrow," she warned. "If the caravan's too slow you must finish by train." The inquisitive rustics drew nearer; she continued in undertones.

When she had finished Noel gasped out, "Did you sent it from Epton?"

"Not likely! I wasn't risking Sir Pascal's spies. No, I borrowed this good old machine, pipped back to the Valley House, and there I telephoned it to Ripon. They'd send it off. Yes, yesterday evening, Noel; before it grew dark."

CHAPTER 24

Touch and Go!

A FIRE was burning in Toby's room at the Valley House. It was blazing away as though it expected company, and the room backed it up, for more easy chairs had been brought and the table pushed back.

It was touch and go. It hung on a hair. The three knew it, and the knowledge drove them to silence. Only Toby moved, to keep fiddling about with his radio set and the small aluminium box with a short coil of flex reposing on a corner table beside it.

The ancient timepiece must have shared their anxiety, for never had it whirled and wheeled with more nervousness ere sending its eleven strokes into the room. As it finished Noel sprang to his feet. "I can hear a car coming up the drive," he said.

It was Mrs Wandle herself, in her best gown and brooch, who a few moments later brought Mr Kitt into the room. He shook hands with Meg, but had only a stiff glance for Noel. "I am early," he uttered, dropping into a chair, then without another word staring hard at the radio. In equal silence the radio stared back at him.

"Sir Pascal Lench. And Herr Noske."

Sir Pascal entered like a breath of cold air. His companion was frowning and muttering under his breath. Both looked at the magistrate. Meg gave them chairs, and began before they could speak.

"Now, I promised to convince Mr Kitt that Noel's story was true," she said. "It's getting on toward midnight. Toby, turn on your radio."

Toby did so. A jazz band filled the room with its strains.

"Don't interrupt, please!" Meg called out. "Toby, don't switch this off yet." She turned to the magistrate. "Mr Kitt,"

she demanded, "you're listening to the normal straight broadcasting, aren't you?"

The magistrate nodded.

"All right, Toby! Get Paris," she bade.

So Toby got Paris.

"Now Stuttgart, please, Toby." And Stuttgart followed.

"Good, Toby! Now Frankfurt." And as Frankfurt's light music was sounding Meg appealed once more to the magistrate. "You hear, Mr Kitt? There isn't any sham there. We're not faking, are we?"

"No," he responded emphatically. "No, you're not faking."

"Thank you," said Meg, and she glanced at Sir Pascal and Noske. The latter sat wooden, expressionless. A derisive smile was fixed on Sir Pascal's thin lips.

Midnight struck, and immediately Toby switched off, letting minute after minute pass in dead silence before, without a word but under the eyes of them all, he switched on again and turned the wave change switch to the short-wave position. "Now!" he whispered, and began to finger the tuning knob. And again, "Now!" he warned.

The ticking of Morse broke wearily into the silence. Its suddenness startled the magistrate, but Sir Pascal burst into a laugh. "Merely ordinary Morse!" he scoffed. "Eh, Noske?"

His companion paid no heed. He was staring intently at the strange little box.

The Morse died out. There came a loud vibrant burbling, a jumble of sounds without sense. "Gibberish!" sneered Sir Pascal. "Sheer gibberish, Kitt!"

Mr Kitt glanced at Noske, who was watching Noel like a cat.

They watched Noel rise and go to the aluminium box, watched him remove the aerial and earth wires from Toby's set and attach these instead to the corresponding terminals of the Sleuth, watched him take two wires and join two more terminals of his Sleuth to Toby's aerial and earth terminals—all exactly as he had done once before, but this time with more telling deliberation. Then, before Noel could so much as straighten his shoulders, it was Noske, quivering with excitement, who screamed, "Listen! Listen!"

"Coeur-de-Lion calling. Coeur-de-Lion calling Rare Syrup. . . . Are you listening, Rare Syrup? Coeur-de-Lion calling. Listen, Rare Syrup—"

Sir Pascal had paled and was trying to rise, but Noske pushed him back. "Ach, he's got it, Lench! He's got it!"

"Listen, Rare Syrup. A cablegram signed Merritt has reached me from Ripon, telling me to be sure to speak to you tonight about my invention, about my invention, and to repeat tomorrow night—"

Meg had fastened her eyes upon Mr Kitt's eyes. Her eyes were dancing in triumph; his were troubled intensely.

"Coeur-de-Lion calling. Coeur-de-Lion calling. Barling of Tanganyika calling Noel Barling. Appeal to the Law to force Sir Pascal Lench to restore my papers. Get them back. Call the Law in."

It ceased. Sir Pascal was beginning to polish his eyeglass. But Noske, oblivious to all but the science he served, had sprung to his feet and was waving his arms in a frenzy. "Ach!" he bellowed, as his fingers thrust through his great mane. "He's got it, Lench! He's got it! It works, man! It works!" He clutched at Lench, knocking the eyeglass out of his hand. "So, so!" he was spluttering. "Now I tell you the one thing that beat me!"

They had betrayed themselves; what further proof could be needed?

Mr Kitt, stepping up to Sir Pascal, addressed him with biting formality.

"Sir Pascal Lench," he said, in a dry and significant voice, "I think the best thing you can do is to cry quits with Barling and restore him his uncle's papers. Then he shall restore yours."

"I agree," Sir Pascal said faintly, offering his hand.

It was then that Mr Kitt appeared smitten with blindness, for, failing to see the hand which Sir Pascal had offered, he turned round abruptly to Noel and wrung Noel's hand instead. It was Meg's turn next. And then Toby's.

Then that boyish twinkle returned to Mr Kitt's eyes; he looked younger by years than he'd looked but a few minutes ago, and his gruff, pleasant voice came booming at Noel again. "If you like," it was saying, "I'll take your uncle's papers to London myself and file them for him at the Patent Office?" And after Noel had accepted and thanked him, "That's all right," he smiled. "Would Meg care to lend me that fat horse of hers for my journey?"

"No," said Meg, with great gravity. "Ambrose doesn't like London. He is too much afraid of being plunked into the Lord Mayor's Show."

THE END

JACKO AT A PIG FARM

FATHER JACKO had accepted an invitation for the family to spend the week-end with a friend who owned a pig farm.

Jacko was delighted at the prospect.

"But just one word of warning, my boy," said Father Jacko. "You must behave yourself, or—"

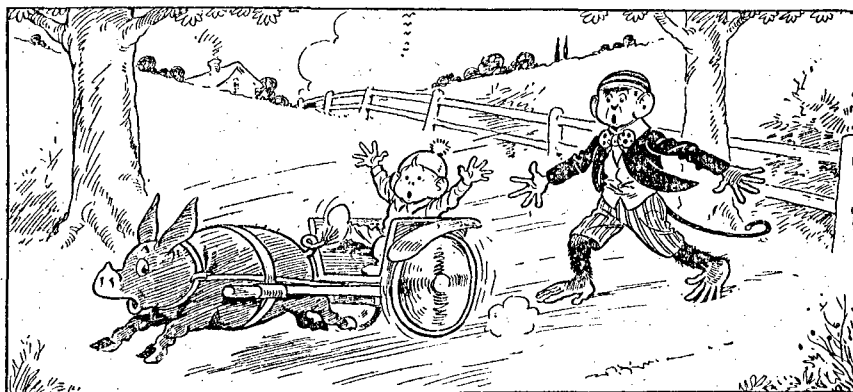
Jacko promised to be good, for he knew if he didn't he'd be sent home.

Jacko, spying a go-cart in the yard, suddenly had an idea. "He chased a large black pig, rounded it up to the cart, and, after a fierce struggle, managed to harness it."

"Come on!" he shouted to Baby.

"Jump in and have a ride."

Baby giggled with delight and scrambled in; but as Jacko took his hand off the cart the pig leapt forward,



As Jacko took his hand away the pig leapt forward

The day arrived. Mother Jacko looked very nice in her new spring hat, and Jacko had actually remembered to brush his hair and put his cap on straight! They arrived at the farm in time for tea, and after a hearty meal Jacko thought he'd like a look round.

"Don't be long," said Mother Jacko. "Just go once round the farm and back."

"All right, Mater," said Jacko, and he scampered off with Baby.

They had a lovely time. There were pigs of all shapes and sizes. Baby, with shouts of delight, seized a twig and gently prodded the tiny pigs, who ran squealing in every direction.

and dashed for the farmhouse as fast as it could go! Jacko dashed after it; but pigs can run very quickly and he was soon out of breath.

Meanwhile the pig had reached the farmhouse and was rushing madly round the garden.

"What's all this?" roared the farmer, coming out of the house.

Then he caught sight of Jacko.

"I suppose this is your doing, you young rascal!" he roared.

He soon caught the pig, and Baby was safely restored to Mother Jacko; but as for Jacko—Well, well! He certainly deserved it.

Baked Jam Roll!

Hugon's 'ATORA'

The Good BEEF SUET

makes the nicest Baked Jam Roll you ever tasted—
crisp, delicious, most nourishing. And it's very simple
to make — only three-quarters of an hour's baking
with 'ATORA.'

This inexpensive recipe is taken from
the 'Atora' Book of 100 tested recipes.
Send a postcard for a copy, post free
from Hugon & Co., Ltd., Manchester.

RECIPE

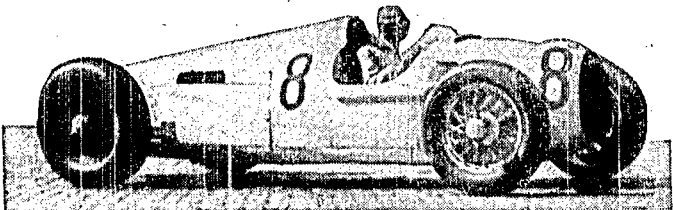
$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Flour. $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. Shredded 'Atora.'
Teaspoonful Baking Powder. Pinch of Salt.
Mix the baking powder and salt with the flour,
then rub in the 'Atora.' (In cold weather the Suet
should be slightly warmed before using, but *not* melted).
Add enough water to make a stiff paste, roll out thin,
and spread over with jam or marmalade. Roll over
(sealing up ends by turning them in), damp
edges and pinch together. Bake for about
 $\frac{3}{4}$ hour in a greased tin. Serve hot.
Sufficient for 6 persons.

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Costa Rica, Abyssinia, Italy (Mussolini on horseback),
Set 5 Interesting Czechoslovakia, Iran, large Jubilee
showing our late King George and Queen Mary, Poland
(Peace commemorative), Sets, old British Colonials, old
Swiss, Set Magyar, and, finally, Set of Malay Tigers,
and Sarajevo (the Great War Assassination commemora-
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permit. The benefits are great—the cost
is small. PLEASE COME TO OUR AID.

Send a contribution to-day to the Rev. Percy Ineson,
EAST END MISSION,
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LET'S GO TO DEVON THIS YEAR, DADDY!

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Spots for family holidays are more and more irre-
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Think of Paignton—the popular
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combe, with fascinating sand hills
and low rocks with tiny pools, and a
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Haunts," the
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where, price 6d.



THE BRAN TUB

Built-up Word

FIFTY-FIVE and vowels three,
Rightly placed, you soon will
see
Birth and rank and royalty,
All are found where I may be.

Answer next week

Searching Simplified

SAMBO found his friend Rastus
busily searching in the gutter.
"What yo' looking fo',
Rastus?"

"I lost a dollar," complained
Rastus sadly.

"Whereabouts did you lose
it?"

"About twenty yards down de
street."

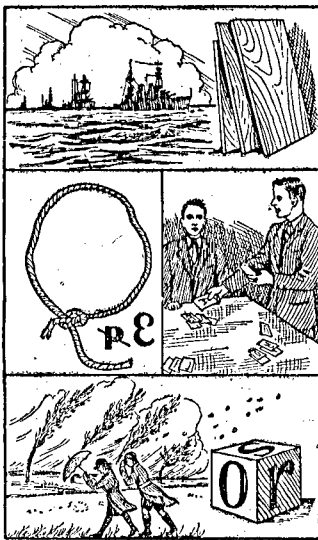
"Den why are you looking
here?" demanded Sambo.

"Cos de light's better here."

This Week in Nature

CATERPILLARS of the swallow-tail
moth are now spinning their
cocoons on the ivy. These cater-
pillars take on an amazing likeness
to the twig on which they rest
to avoid detection. Their long
cylindrical bodies have only a few
legs, and by grasping a twig by a
pair of clasping-legs at the end of
the body contrive to stand out
from the twig as if they were part
of the plant.

What Are These Places?



THESE puzzle pictures represent
four places of which coloured
poster stamps are to be given with
next week's C.N. Do you know
what they are? Answer next week

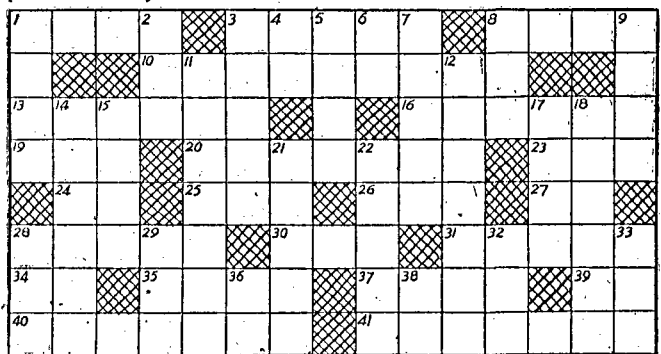
Poor Sam

SAM lost himself once in a lane,
And began to inquire and
complain,
"What's become of poor Sam?
I shan't know where I am
Till I find myself somewhere again."

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

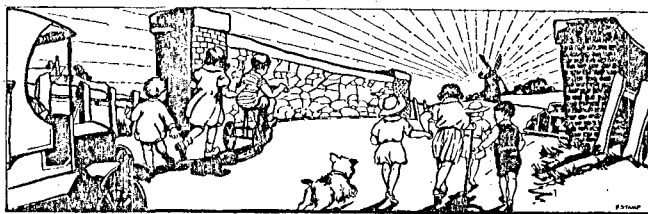
Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues below. Answer next week

Reading Across. 1. Reward. 3. To condescend. 8. A slave. 10. Timely.
13. A weapon. 16. An epistle. 19. To stray. 20. Heavy matter carried in the
bottom of a ship. 23. Wrath. 24. Royal Institution.* 25. A run scored for
a ball which passes batsman and wicket-keeper. 26. To permit. 27. Doctor.*
28. Pertaining to punishment. 30. A wooden vessel. 31. True to duty. 34.
Automobile Association.* 35. Withered. 37. Old. 39. Compass point.* 40. A
place for crockery. 41. An ornament of ribbon.



Reading Down. 1. Fashion. 2. A member of the canine tribe. 3. Vapour
from an atomiser. 4. In the direction of. 5. Uttered in words. 6. Old Testa-
ment.* 7. The beating of the heart. 8. Put. 9. A conflagration. 11. Small
round stones. 12. Stinging plants. 14. The state of being behindhand. 15. A
forced smile. 17. Neat. 18. Roving. 21. Works on a fulcrum. 22. A holy
table. 28. A cushion. 29. A donkey. 32. A poem. 33. Sheltered side. 36.
Royal Engineers.* 38. To depart.

The Safety First Frieze



Never walk in groups on country roads

The Missing Letter

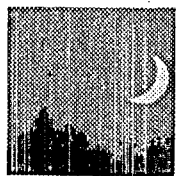
PRSVRYPRFCTMNVKPTHS
PRCPTSTN.

THE same letter inserted a number
of times will make this an
intelligible sentence.

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Mercury is low in
the West, Neptune in the South-
West, and Jupiter low in the
South-East. In the morning
Saturn is in the East. The
picture shows the Moon look-
ing South at
9 p.m. on Sunday, May 24.



A Fish Weighing Ten Tons

THE largest fish ever caught
is said to have weighed over
10 tons. It was a whale-shark 38
feet long and with a girth of 13 feet.
It was harpooned 24 years ago off
the coast of Florida.

The largest of the more common
kind of shark was caught off the
Cape in 1928. It weighed 2176 lbs,
was 13 feet long, and eight feet in
circumference.

Who Are These Ladies?

WHAT lady is always playing
tricks?

What young lady is very rude?

What two ladies should travel-
lers avoid?

What lady will ruin anyone?

What lady should never repeat
anything she hears?

What lady never studied arith-
metic? Answer next week

Ici On Parle Français



"Regardez! Comme c'est
charmant! Un petit ruisseau
argenté, un bel arbre, et sur ses
branches une mésange chantant
gaiement."

"Look! How charming! A little
silver stream, a fine tree, and on its
branches a tit singing gaily."

Not Approved

MOST of the conjuror's tricks were
old and the audience was not
enthusiastic.

"My next trick requires an
egg," said the expert. "I suppose
no member of the audience has
such a thing?"

"Not likely, guv'nor," called a
voice. "If we had it would have
been yours long ago."

Taking a Snapshot



YOUR beaming smile
That shines awhile
Is such a fine possession.
Now please to keep
(Says Sammy Sweep)
That nice schoolboy expression.

A Word About Gum

THE use of the word gum is im-
mediately associated with a
substance for sticking. But there
are kinds of gum which are not
used for this purpose and are very
valuable indeed.

In a certain part of New Zealand
a fossilised gum, from trees buried
centuries ago, is found a few feet
below the surface of the earth.
This substance makes transparent
varnish.

Amber is the most valuable gum.
It is found on the shores of the
Baltic and is the fossilised resin of
extinct coniferous trees.

New Zealand Air Mail

NEW ZEALAND'S first daily air ser-
vice has been started between
Palmerston North in North Island
and Christchurch and Dunedin in
South Island. We reproduce here
an air mail stamp of New Zealand.
It shows the landing-ground at New



Plymouth (described in the C.N. the
other day), which is on the extreme
west and the nearest point to Aus-
tralia. In the background is snow-
capped Mount Egmont, 8260 feet,
which serves as a beacon for airmen.

Transposition

A WELL-KNOWN herb if first you
take

An English town twill also make;
Reverse it and you then will find
Part of a vessel brought to mind.

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Anagram Puzzle. Time, emit, mite,
item.

What Places Are These? Bexhill,
Cleethorpes, Southport, York.

Rebus. Two (live Twenty): Twenty.
Puzzle Proverb. Do unto others as
you would be done by.

Puzzle Birds. Bird of Paradise; wren;
swallow; kite; turkey; crane.

Tales Before Bedtime

Gip

GIP was a white terrier
puppy, whose one bad
fault was that he loved to
bite the coalman's trousers.
Peter's daddy had said that
very morning that if it hap-
pened again Gip must be sent
away.

Alas, it had happened
again; and rather than be
parted from his pet Peter was
running away.

They ran and ran till they
reached the park. As they
went in Peter took off his
belt and put it through Gip's
collar for a lead.

They saw two swans on the
bank of a pond, and Gip
wanted to tease them. His
barking made them very
angry; the big one was arch-
ing its neck angrily as Peter
hastily pulled the naughty
dog away.

They wandered round and
round, and Peter became very
hungry, very tired, and very
hot, but he was determined
not to go home in case Daddy
should keep his word and send
Gip away.

At last he could walk no
farther, so he lay down on the
grass and shut his eyes, still
holding Gip tightly.

He was almost asleep when
suddenly Gip jerked the belt
out of his hand and darted
across to the pond.

Peter ran after him, but
when he caught him up it was
too late. The big swan had
flown at Gip and beaten him
with its wings, and now Peter
saw his dear little puppy quite
still on the ground, as if he
were dead.

The park policeman came
running up, drove off the
swan, and picked Gip up.

They went to the shelter at
the park gates. After the
policeman had spoken on the
telephone he turned to Gip.
The puppy, who was lying on
the floor, was already opening
its eyes, and after drinking
some water began to lick the
policeman's hands.

Peter told his story. Just
as he had finished there was
the sound of a car stopping,
and here was Peter's daddy.
He picked up Peter, and
above the barking, laughing,
and crying the policeman
said, "I took your name from
the dog's collar, sir, and tele-
phoned, as I thought you
would be anxious."

"Indeed, yes," said Peter's
daddy. "Gip will have to
come home, too," he added,
"if it would make Peter so
very unhappy to send him
away."

"Anyway," remarked the
policeman, "he's learnt not
to upset swans when they
are nesting."

There was no doubt that
Gip had learnt something else
too, for he never tried to bite
anyone again.

Ask Father to buy
you this Book—

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EVEN IN THE DARK
YOU'D KNOW
IT WAS

